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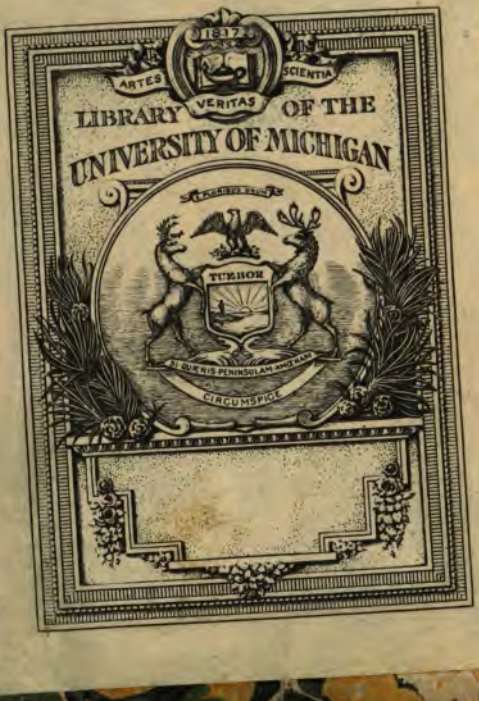
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THE

BRUCE.

VOLUME II.

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THE BRUCE;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF ROBERT I. KING OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN SCOTISH VERSE

By JOHN BARBOUR.

THE FIRST GENUINE EDITION,

PUBLISHED FROM A MS. DATED 1489;

WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY

By J. PINKERTON.

VOLUME II.

XII. 58.

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE VIII.

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B246
1790
v.2

m.s. f. 26. a.

ARGUMENT.

Thik, and the twa followand bukes, contein the conqueſt of hale Scotland be King ROBERT.—DOWGLAS *diſconfits* MOUBRAY.—*The Kyng agayn defeits Schir* AYMER *at Loudoun hill—and ganging North, levis* DOUGLAS *to win the ſuth of Scotland.—Dedis of* DOUGLAS.—*Taking of Lanark caſtel.*

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE VIII.

THE KING, fra Schyr AYMER wis gane,
Gadryt hys menye euirilkane;
And left bath wodds and muntanys,
And held hys way ſtrak till the planys.
For he wald fayne that end war maid
Off that, that he begunnyn haid:
And he wyſt weill he mycht not bring
It to gud end, bot trawailling.
To *Kyle* went he fryſt; and that land
He maid all till hym obeyſand:
The men maiſt force come till hys peſs.
Syne eftirwart, or he wald ſeſs,
Off *Conyngayme* the maiſt party
He gert hold till hys ſenyowry.

In *Boithweill* then Schyr AYMER was,
That in hys hart gret angre has
For thaim off *Cunnyngame* and *Kyle*,
That war obeyſand till hym quhile,

Ver. 1. May, 1307.
Ver. 15. Bothwell caſtle on the Clyde, Lanarkſhire.

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Left *Inglis* mennys fewté:
Tharoff fayne wengyt wald he be.
And ſend PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
With a thouſand, as Ik herd ſay,
Off men, that war in hys leding,
To *Kyle*, for to werray the KING.

Bot JAMES off DOWGLAS, all that tid,
Had ſpyis owt on ilka ſid,
Wyſt off thair cummyng; and that thai
Wald hald doune *Makyrnochs way*.
He tuk with hym, all priuely,
Thaim that war off hys cumpany,
That war fourty, forowtyn ma.
Syne till a ſtrait place gan he ga,
That is in *Makyrnocks way*,
The *Nethir-ford* it hat perfay.
It lyis betwix marraiſs twa;
Quhar that na horſs on lyve may ga.
On the ſouth halff, quhar JAMES was,
Is ane upgang, a narow paſs:
And on the north halff is the way
Sa ill, as it appers to day.

DOWGLAS, with thaim he wyth hym had,
Enbuſchyt hym, and then abad.
He mycht weill fer ſe thair cummyng:
Bot thai mycht ſe off hym nathing:
Thai baid in buſchment all the nycht.
And quhen the ſone wis ſchynand brycht,

Thai

Thai ſaw in batailling cum arayit,
The waward, with baner diſplayit:
And ſyne ſone the remanand
Thai ſaw, weill ner behind cummand.
Than held thai thaim ſtill, and priuy,
Till the formaſt off that mengye
War entryt in the ford, thaim by.
Than ſchot thai on thaim with a cry;
And with wapnys, that ſcharply ſchar,
Sum in the ford thai bakwart bar:
And ſum, with armys barblyt braid,
Sa gret martyrdome on thaim has maid,
That thai gan draw to woyd the place.
Bot byhind thaim ſa ſtoppyt was
The way, that thai faſt mycht not fle;
And that gert mony off thaim de.
For thai on na wyſs mycht away
Bot as thai come, but giff that thai
Wald throw thair fayis hald thair gate:
Bot that way thoucht thaim all to hat.
Thair fayis met thaim ſa ſturdyly,
And cuntenyt the fycht ſa hardely,
That thai ſa dredand war, that thai
That fyrſt mycht fle, fyrſt fled away.
And the rerward ſaw thaim ſwa
Diſcumfyt, and thair wayis ga;
Thai fled on fer, and held thair way.
Bot Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
That with the formaſt ridand was,
That entryt wis in the place,

Quhen that he ſaw how he was ſtad,
Throw the gret worſchip that he had,
With ſpurs he ſtrak the ſteid off pryce;
And, magre all hys ennymys,
Throw the thikkeſt off thaim he raid.
And but challance eſchapyt had;
Ne war a knycht hym by the brand:
Bot the gud ſteid, that wald not ſtand,
Lanſyt furth deliuerly.
Bot the tothyr ſa ſtalwartly
Held the belt that braiſt off the brand,
And ſuerd and belt left in hys hand.
And he bot ſuerd hys wayis raid,
Weill otowth thaim: and thar abaid,
And beheld how that hys mengye fled,
And how hys fayis clengyt the ſteid,
That war betwix hym and hys men.
Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then
To *Kylmarnok*, and *Kilwynnyne*,
And till *Ardroſſane* eſtre ſyne.
Syne throw the *Largs*, hym allane,
Till *Ennyrkyp* the way has tane,
Rycht to the caſtell, that wis then
Stuffyt all with *Ingliſs men*;
That hym reſaffyt in daynté.
And fra thai wyſt how gat that he
Sa fer had rydin, hym allane,
Throw thaim that war hys fayis ilkane,
Thai pryſſyt hym full gretumly,
And lovyt faſt hys chewalry.

Schyr

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Schyr PHILIP thus eſchapyt was.
And DOWGLAS, that wis in the place,
Quhar he ſexty has ſlayne, and ma;
The layff fouly thair gate gan ga,
And fled to *Bothwelle* hame agayne.
Quhar Schyr AYMER wis na thing fayne,
Quhen he herd tell on that maner
That hys mengye diſcomfyt wer.

Bot quhen the King ROBERT was tauld
How that the DOWGLAS, that wis bauld,
Wencuſſyt ſa fele with few mengye,
Rycht joyfull in hys hart wes he.
And all hys mengye cumfortyt war:
For thaim thocht weill, bath les and mar,
That thai ſuld leſs thair fayis dreid,
Sen thair purpoſs ſik with thaim yeid.

The KING láy in *Galſtoun*,
That is rycht ewyn anent *Lowdoun*;
And till hys pes tuk the cuntré.
Quhen Schyr AYMER, and hys menye,
Hard how he rayyayt the land,
And how that nane durſt hym withſtand;
He wis intill hys hart angry,
And with ane off hys cumpany
He ſend hym word, and ſaid, giff he
Durſt hym into the plannys ſe,

Ver. 123. Galſtoun and Loudon are in the north-eaſt part of Air-ſhire.

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He ſuld, the tent day of May,
Cum under *Lowdoun hill* away.
And giff that he wald meyt hym thar,
He ſaid hys worſchip ſuld be mar,
And mar be turnyt in nobill ay,
To wyne hym in the playne away,
With hard dints, and ewyn fechting,
Than to do fer mar with ſkulking.

The KING, that hard hys meſſengyr,
Had diſpyt apon gret maner,
That Schyr AYMER ſpak ſa heyly:
Tharfor he anſueryt iruſly;
And to the meſſengyr ſaid he,
'Say to thy Lord, giff that I be
'In lyff, he ſall me ſe that day,
'Weyle ner; giff he dar hald the way
'That he has ſaid for ſekyrly.
'Be *Lowdoun hill* mete hym ſall I.'

The meſſengyr, bot mar abaid,
Till hys maiſter the wayis raid:
And hys anſuer hym tauld alſwyth.
Quharoff he was bath glaid and blyth.
For he thocht, throw hys mekill mycht,
Giff the KING durſt cum to fycht,
That throw the gret chewalry,
That ſuld be in hys cumpany,
He ſuld ſwa ourcum the KING,
That thar ſuld be na recowering.

And

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And the KING, on the tothyr party,
That was all wyſs and awerty,
Raid for to ſe, and cheiſs the place,
And ſaw the hey-gate liand was
Apon a fayr feild, ewyn and dry;
Bot apon aythir ſid tharby
Wes a gret moſs, mekill and braid,
Bot fra the way wes, quhar men raid,
A bow-draucht weille on aythir ſid.
And that place thocht hym all ſo wid
Till abyd men, that horſyt war.
Tharfor three dykys our thuort he ſchar,
Fra baith the moſſes to the way:
That war ſa fer fra oythir, that thai
War yiwyn a bow-draucht and mar.
Sa how and hey the dykys war,
That men mycht not, bot mekill payn,
Paſs thaim, thouch nane war thaim agayn.
Bot ſloppys in the way left he,
Sa large, and off ſic quantité,
That fyve hunder mycht ſamyn rid
In at the ſloppys, ſid be ſid.
Thar thoucht he bataill for to bid,
And bargayne thaim; for he na dreid
Had that thai ſuld ony ſid aſſaille;
Na yeit behind giff thaim bataille.
And befor thocht hym weill that he
Suld fra thair mycht defendyt be.

Ver. 172. *Dykes* are ditches. In Scotland that name is now improperly given to walls.

Thre

Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma;
For giff he durſt not weill ourta
To mete that the fyrſt, that he
Suld haiff the tothyr on hys powſté;
Be than the thrid, giff it war ſwa
That thai had paſſyt the tothyr twa.

On this wyſs hym ordanys he.
And ſyne aſſemblyt hys mengye,
That war SAX HUNDER fechtand men,
Bot rangale, that was with hym then,
That war as feile as thai, or ma.
With all that mengye gan he ga
The ewyn, or that the bataill ſuld be,
Till *litill Lowdum*, quhar that he
Wald abyd to ſe thair cummyng.
Syne with the men off hys leding
He thocht to ſped hym ſwa, that he
Suld at the dyke befor thaim be.

Schyr AYMER, on the tothyr party,
Gadryt ſwa gret chewalry,
That he mycht be THRE THOUSAND ner,
Armyt and dycht on gud maner.

Ver. 198. This term *rangale* Barbour uſes, in one or two other paſſages, for that uſeleſs rabble which attends an army. Gawin Douglas ſpells it *rangald*.

Ver. 207. That Bruce defeated Sir Aymer de Vallange, earl of Pembroke, at Loudon-hill, appears from the Engliſh hiſtorians Matthew of Weſtminſter, and Trivet. See *Annals*, ii. 20.

Than,

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Than, as a man of gret noblay,
He held towart hys trift hys way,
Quhen the ſet day cummyn was;
He ſped hym faſt towart the place
That he nemyt for to fycht.
The ſun wis ryſſyn ſchinand brycht,
That ſchawyt on the ſchelds brade.
In twa eſchels ordanyt he had
The folk, that he had in leding.
The KING, weill ſone in the morning,
Saw fyrſt cummand thair fyrſt eſchele,
Arrayit ſarrally, and weill.
And at thair bak, ſum deill ner hand,
He ſaw the tothyr followand.
Thair baſſynetts burnyſt all brycht
Agayn the ſon glemand off lycht:
Thair ſpers, pennonys, and thair ſchelds,
Off lycht enlumynyt all the felds:
Thair beſt and browdyn wes brycht baner,
And horſs hewyt on ſer maner;
And cot armours off ſer colowrs,
And hawbreks, that war quhyt as flours,

Maid

Ver. 218. An *eſchel* is a diviſion of an army, arranged in ſome particular manner; but its form I cannot find.

Ver. 225. This deſcription has conſiderable merit. Barbour, as appears from ſeveral paſſages, was far from being inſenſible of the

Pride, pomp, and circumſtance, of glorious war.

Ver. 232. The hauberk was a coat of mail, made with interwoven rings, ſo as to ply to the body and motions.

It

Maid thaim glitrand, as thai war lyk
To angelys hey off hewynys ryk.

The KING ſaid, 'Lords, now ye ſe
'How yon men, throw thair gret poweſté,
'Wald, and thai mycht fullfill thair will,
'Sla us, and makys ſembland thartill.
'And ſen we knaw thair felny,
'Ga we mete thaim ſa hardily,
'That the ſtowteſt off thair mengye,
'Off owr meting abayſit be.
'For giff the formaſt egrely
'Be met, ye ſall ſee ſedanly
'The hindmaiſt ſall abayſit be.
'And thouch that thai be mar than we,
'That ſuld abayſs us litill thing.
'For quhen we cum to the fechting,
'Thar may mete us na mar than we.
'Tharfor, lordings, ilk ane ſuld be
'Off us worthy off gret walour,
'For to maynetayne her our honour.
'Think quhat gladſchip us abyds,
'Giff that we may, as weill betyds,
'Haiff wictour off owr fayis her.
'For thar is nane then, fer na ner,
'In all thys land that us char doute.'
Then ſaid thai all, that ſtud aboute,

It was not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and continued in uſe, it is believed, as long as any mail.

"Schyr,

257. char – may be thar

"Schyr, gyff God will, we ſall ſa do,
"That na reprow ſall fall tharto."
'Now ga we furth then!' ſaid the KING,
'Quhar he, that maid off nocht all thing,
'Lede us, and ſaiff us, for hys mycht,
'And help us for till hald owr rycht!'

With that thai held thair way in hy,
Weill ſex hunder in cumpany,
Stalwart and ſtout, worthy and wycht;
Bot thai war all to few, Ik hycht,
Again ſa fele to ſtand a ſtour,
Ne war thair utrageouſs walour.

Now gais the nobill KING hys way,
Rycht ſtoutly, and in gud aray.
And to the formaſt dyke is gane;
And in the ſlop the feld has tane.
The cariage, and the powyr all
That war not worth in the bataill,
Behynd hym levyt he all ſtill,
Syttand all ſamyn on the hill.

Schyr AYMER the KING has ſene,
With hys men, that war cant and kene,
Come to the playne, doune fra the hyll,
As he thocht in full gud will
For to defende or to aſſaille,
Giff ony wald bid hym bataill.

Tharfor

275. poveraile, scilicet, Vide ψ 368.

Tharfor hys men comfortyt he,
And bad thaim wycht and worthy be;
For giff that thai mycht wynne the KING,
And haiff victour off hys fechting,
Thai ſuld rycht weill rewardyt be;
And ek gretly thair renouné.

With that thai war weill ner the KING;
And he left hys amoneſſing,
And gert trump to the aſſemblé.
And the formoſt off hys mengye
Enbraſyt with the ſchelds braid,
And rycht ſarraly togydder raid,
With heid ſtoupand, and ſpers ſtraucht,
Rycht to the KING thair wayis raucht.
That mete thaim with ſa gret wigour,
That the beſt, and off the maiſt walour,
War laid at erd at thair meting.
Quhar men mycht her ſic a breking
Off ſpers, that to fruſchyt war;
And the woundyt ſa cry and rar;
That it anoyis wes to her.
For thai, that fyrſt aſſemblyt wer,
Swyngyt, and faucht full ſturdely.
The noyis begouth than, and the cry.

A mychty God! quha thar had bene,
And had the KING's worſchip ſene,
And hys brothyr, that was hym by,
That ſtonyit thaim ſa hardely,

That

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That thair gud deid, and thair bounté,
Gaiff gret comfort to thair mengye;
And how DOWGLAS ſa manlily
Comfortyt thaim, that war hym by;
He ſuld weill ſay, that thai had will
To wyn honour, and cum thartill.

The KING'S men ſa worthy war,
That with ſpers, that ſcharply ſchar,
Thai ſtekyt men, and ſteds baith,
Till rede blud ran off wounds raith.
The horſs that woundyt war gan fling,
And ruſchyt thair folk in thair flynging;
Swa that thai that the formaſt war
War ſcalyt in ſoppys, her and thar.
The KING ſaw thaim ruſchyt ſwa,
And ſaw thaim reland to and fra;
Ran apon thaim ſa egrely,
And dang on thaim ſa hardely,
That fele gart off hys fayis fall.
The feld wis ner coweryt all
Bath with ſlane horſs, and with men.
For the gud KING thar folowyt then,
With fyve hunder that wappnys bar,
That wald thair fayis nathing ſpar.
Thai dang on thaim ſa hardely,
That, in ſchort tyme, men mycht ſe ly
At erd an hunder, and weill mar.
The remanand ſa ſteyit war,

That

That thai begouth thaim to withdraw.
And quhen thai off the rerward ſaw
Thair waward be ſa diſcomfyt,
Thai fled forowtyn mar reſpyt.

And quhen Schyr AYMER has ſene
Hys men fleand haly beden,
Wyt ye weill hym wis full way.
Bot he moucht not ammonyſs ſway,
That ony for hym wald turn agane.
And quhen he ſaw he tynt hys payne,
He turnyt hys bridill for to ga:
For the gud KING thaim preſſit ſwa
That ſum war dede, and ſum war tane;
And the laiff thair gat ar gane.

The folk fled apon this maner
Forowt areſt; and Schyr AYMER
Agayne to *Boithweill* is gane,
Menand the ſcaith that he has tane.
Sa ſchamfull that he wencuſſyt wais,
That till *Ingland* in hy he gais,
Rycht to the King, and ſchamfully
He gaiff up thar hys wardanry.
Na newyr ſyne, for na kyn thing,
Bot giff he come rycht with the King,
Come he to werray *Scotland*.
Sa hewyly he tuk on hand,
That the KING into ſet bataill,
With a quhene, lik to pouerall,

Wencuſyt

Wencuſyt hym with a gret mengye,
That war renonyt off gret bounté.

Sic angre had Schyr AYMERY.
And King ROBERT, that wis hardy,
Abaid rycht ſtill into the place,
Till that hys men had left the chace.
Syne with priſonours that thai had tane,
Thai ar towart thair innys gane;
Faſt lowand God off thar weilfar.
He mycht haiff ſene, that had bene thar,
A folk that mery wes and glaid
For thair victour; and als thai haid
A lord that ſwa ſwete wis, and deboner,
Sa curtaiſs, and off ſa fayr effer,
Sa blyth, and als ſa weill bourdand,
And in bataill ſa ſtyth to ſtand,
Swa wyſs, and rycht ſwa awiſé,
That thai had gret cauſs blyth to be.

Swa war thai blyth withowtyn dout,
For fele, that wynnyt thaim about,
Fra thai the KING ſaw help hym ſwa,
Till hym thair homage gan thai ma.

Than woux hys power mar and mar.
And he thocht weill that he wald far
Bot our the *Mounth* with hys menye,
To luk quha that hys freynd wald be.

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Into Schyr ALEXANDER FRASER
He traiſtyt, for thai coſyngs wer,
And hys brothyr SYMON, thai twa;
He had myſtre weill off ma,
For he had fayis mony ane.
Schyr IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchquhane*,
And Schyr IHON the MOWBRAY ſyne,
And gud Schyr DAUID off BRECHYNE,
With all the folk off thair leding,
War fayis to the nobill KING.
And for he wyſt thai war hys fayis,
Hys wiage thyddirwart he tais,
For he wald ſe quhat kyn endyng
Thai wald ſet on thair menaſſing.

The KING buſkyt and maid hym yar,
Northwarts with hys folk to far.
Hys brodyr with hym gan he ta,
And Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY alſua;
The Erle off LENEWAX als was thar,
That with the KING was our all quhar;
Schyr ROBERT BOYD, and othyrs ma.
The KING gan furth hys wayis ta;
And left JAMES off DOWGLAS,
With all the folk that with hym was,
Behind hym for to luk giff he
Mycht recower hys cuntré.
He left into full gret perill;
Bot eftre, in a litill quhill,

Throw

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Throw hys gret worſchip ſa he wroucht,
That to the KINGS peſs be broucht
The *foreſt off Selkryk* all hale;
And alſua did he *Dowglas-dale*;
And *Jedwarthis foreſt* alſua.
And quha ſa weill on hand couth ta
To tell hys worſchippis, ane and ane
He ſuld fynd off thaim mony ane.
For in hys tyme, as men ſaid me,
Threten tymys weacuſſyt wes he,
And had wictours ſeuen and fyfty.
Hym ſemyt not lang ydill to ly
Be hys trawaill he had na will.
Methink men ſuld hym love with ſkill.

This JAMES, quhen the KING wes gane,
All priuely hys men has tane,
And went to *Dowglas-dale* agane;
And maid all priuely a tráne
To thaim that in the caſtell war.
A buſchement maid he ſtely thar;
And off hys men fourten, or ma,
He gert as thai war ſekkis ta
Fyllyt with greſs; and ſyne thaim lay
Apon thair horſs, and hald thair way,

Ver. 425, 427. It appears from different authors, charters, &c. that the country about Selkirk and Jedburgh was formerly called The Foreſt; and it ſeems to have lain unoultivated, from its proximity to the borders, and conſequent expoſure to the ravages of the border-thieves.

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Rycht as thai wald to *Lanark*, far
Owtouth quhar thai enbuſchyt war.
And quhen thai off the caſtell ſaw
Sa fele ladys gang on raw,
Off that ſycht thai war wondre fayn,
And tauld it to thair capitane,
That hate Schyr IHONE off WEBETOUN;
He wis baith yong, ſtout, and felloun,
Joly alſua, and walageouſs;
And for that he was amorouſs,
He wald iſche far the blythlier.
He gert hys men tak all thair ger,
And iſch to get thaim victaille,
For thair victaille gan faſt thaim faile.
Thai iſchyt all abandounly,
And prikkyt furth ſa willfully
To wyn the ladys, that thai ſaw paſs,
Quhill that DOWGLAS with hys was

Ver. 449. The caſtle-hill of Lanark is on the ſouth of the town; but no ruin of the caſtle remains; its ſcite being now a bowling-green and garden. The murder of Wallace's wife, which ſeems the firſt cauſe which incited him to arms, was committed at Lanark, by Heſelrig or Hiſlop, governour of the caſtle, whom Wallace after ſlew. See Fordun xi. 28: for Henry the minſtrel is no authority, his work being an abſurd romance; tho' in this inſtance he accords with hiſtory, and with tradition, a large cave in Cartland Craigs near Lanark, where Henry ſays that Wallace lurked, being called Wallace's Cave to this day. It is remarkable that Sir D. Dalrymple ſhould have omitted this important circumſtance, for which Fordun was ſurely good authority.

All

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All betwix thaim and the caſtell.
The laidmen, that perſawit weill,
Thai keſt thair ladys doun in hy;
And thair gownys deliuerly
That heylyt thaim, thai keſt away;
And in gret hy thair horſs hint thai.
And ſtert apon thaim ſturdyly,
And met thair fayis with a cry;
That had gret wondre, quhen thai ſaw
Thaim, that war er lurkand ſa law,
Cum apon thaim ſa hardely.
Thai woux abayſyt ſedanly;
And at the caſtell wald haiff bene:
Quhen thai and othyr halff has ſene,
DOWGLAS brak hys enbuſchement,
That agayn thaim rycht ſtoutly went.
Thai wyſt not quhat to do, na ſay,
Thair fayis on aythir ſid ſaw thai,
That ſtrak on thaim, forowtyn ſparing,
And thai mycht help thaimſelwys nathing;
Bot fled to warand, quhar thai moucht.
And thai ſa angrely thaim ſoucht;
That off thaim all eſchapyt nane.
Schyr IHONE WEBETOWN thar wes ſlayne.
And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
Thai fand intill hys coffer
A lettyr that hym ſend a lady,
That he luffyt per drouery,

That

Ver. 492. *Per drouery*, is not in a view of marriage. The term

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That ſaid quhen he had yemyt a yer
In wer, as a gud batchiller,
The awenturs caſtell off *Dowglas*,
That to kep ſa peralus was;
Than mycht he weill aſk a lady
Hyr amours, and hyr drouery.

The letter ſpak on this maner.
And quhen thai ſlayne on this wyſe wer,
DOWGLAS rycht to the caſtell raid,
And thar ſa gret debate he maid,
That in the caſtell entryt he.
I wate nocht all the certanté,
Quetheyr it wis throw ſtrenth or ſlycht.
Bot he wrocht ſa with mekill mycht
That the cunſtabill, and all the laiff
That war tharin, bath man and knaiff,
He tuk, and gaiff thaim diſpending;
And ſent thaim home, bot mar grewing,
To the CLYFFURD, in thair cuntré.
And ſyne ſa beſyly wroucht he,

term is old French. *Druë*, maitreſſe, ou concubine: *Druries*, la vie joyeuſe.

Soit ſa moullier, ou ſoit ſa *druë*,
Tantoſt en a l'amour perduë.
Roman de la Roſe, 10196.

Que bien voy-je que ma *drurye*,
Ne mon ſolas ne vous plaiſt mye. *Ib.* 9278.

It might be thought that Drury-lane takes its name from this term, now ſo applicable; but it was a lane leading up to Drury-houſe, the ſeat of a family called Drury.

That

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That he tumblyt doun all the wall,
And deſtroyit the houſſis all.
Syne till the Foreſt held hys way,
Quhar he had mony ane hard aſſay:
And mony fayr poynt off wer befell.
Quha couth thaim all reherſs, or tell,
He ſuld ſay that hys name ſuld be
Leſtand in full gret renouné.

THE END OF BUKE VIII.

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THE

BRUCE.

BUKE IX.

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ms. f. 28. b.

ARGUMENT.

The Kyng passes the Mounth, and falls sick at Enrourie —is carried to Slenath.—Cumin Erle of BUCHAN *assailis the King, quha is bravelie defendit be his men.—The Kyng recoverand defeits* BUCHAN *at Enroury; and herries all his lands—fares to Angus, and taks Forfar castell—and Perth.—Schir* EDWARD BRUCE *gangand to Galloway defeits Schir* AYMER ST. JOHN *at Cree.—*DOUGLAS *taks* RANDEL *and* STUART *prisoneirs.*

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE IX.

NOW leve we intill the *Foreſt*
DOWGLAS, that ſall bot litill reſt,
Till the cuntré deliueryt be
Off *Inglis* folk, and thair powſté:
And turn we till the nobill KING;
That, with the folk off hys leding,
Towart the *Mounth* has tane hys way,
Rycht ſtoutly, and intill gud aray.
Quhar ALYSANDER FRAYSER hym met,
And als hys brodyr SYMONET,
With all the folk thai with thaim had.
The KING gud cuntenance thaim maid:
That wes rycht blyth off thair cummyne.
Thai tauld the KING off the cowyne
Off IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchane*,
That till help hym had with hym tane
Schyr IHON MOWBRAY, and othyr ma;
Schyr DAUID off BRECHYN alſua;
With all the folk off thair leding;
And yarnys mar na ony thing

[c] Wengeance

'Wengeance off yow, Schyr KING, to tak,
'For Schyr IHONE the CUMMYNS ſak,
'That quhillum in *Dumfreſs* wes ſlayn.'
The KING ſaid, "Sa our Lord me ſayn,
"I had gret cauſs hym for to ſla.
"And ſen that thai on hand will ta,
"Becauſs off hym, to werray me,
"I ſall thole a quhile, and ſe
"On quhat wyſs that thai prowe thair mycht.
"And giff it fall that thai will fycht,
"Giff thai aſſaile we ſall defend,
"Syne fall eftre quhat God will ſend."

Eftre this ſpek, the KING in hy
Held ſtraucht hys way till *Enrowry*.
And thar hym tuk ſic a ſeknes,
That put hym to full hard diſtreſs,
That he forbar baith drynk and mete.
Hys men na medecyne couth get
That euir mycht to the KING awaile.
Hys force gan hym halyly faile,
That he mycht nothyr ryd na ga.
Then wyt ye that hys men war wa;

Ver. 34. Inverury, about fifteen miles north-weſt of Aberdeen. Bruce went to the north of Scotland October, 1307. The Annaliſt of Scotland, ii. 23, thinks Bruce had met with a defeat before he proceeded to the north; and ſays it is difficult otherwiſe to account for that progreſs: but the reaſons given by our poet ſeem ſufficient.

For

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For nane wes in that cumpany,
That wald haiff bene halff ſa ſary
For till haiff ſene hys brodyr ded,
Lyand befor thaim in that ſted,
As thai war for hys ſekries,
For all thair comfort in hym wes.

Bot gud Schyr EDUUARD the worthy,
Hys brodyr that wis ſa hardy,
And wyſs and wicht, ſet mekill payn
To comfort thaim with all hys mayn.
And quhen the lords, that thar war,
Saw that the ill ay mar and mar
Trawaillyit the KING, thaim thoucht in hy
It was not ſpedfull thar to ly;
For thar all playne wes the cuntré,
And thai war bot a few menye,
To ly but ſtrenth into the playne.
For this, till that thair capitane
War coweryt off hys mekill ill,
Thai thoucht to wend ſum ſtrenthis till.

For folk forowtyn capitane,
Bot thai the bettir be apayn,
Sall not be all ſa gud in deid,
As thai a Lord had thaim to leid;
That dar put hym in awentur,
Bot abayſing to tak the ure
That God will ſend: for quhen that he
Off ſic will is and ſic bounté,
That

v. 89.

x MS. ſa ſall

That he dar put hym till aſſay,
Hys folk ſall tak enſample ay
Off hys gud deid and hys bounté,
And ane off thaim ſall be worth thre
Off thaim that wilkyt chiftane hais.
Hys wrechytneſs ſa in thaim gais,
That thai thair manlynes ſall tyne,
Throw wrechytnes off hys cowyne.
For quhen the lords, that thaim ſuld leid,
May do noucht bot as he war deid,
Or fra hys folk halds hys way
Fleand, trow ye not than that thai
Sall wencuſyt in thair harts be?
Yis ſall thai, as I trow, pardé,
Bot giff thair harts be ſa hey,
That thai na will for thair worſchip fley.
And thouch ſum be off ſic bounté,
Quhen thai the lord and hys menye
Seys fley, yeit ſall thai fley apayn; v. 64.
For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne.
See quhat he dois, that ſwa fowly
Fleis thus for hys cowardy;
Bath hym and hys wencuſſyng he,
And gers hys fayis abowne be.
Bot he that, throw hys gret noblay,
Till peralls hym abandownys ay,
To recomfort hys menye,
Gers that he be off ſa gret bounté,
That mony tyme unlikly thing
Thai bring rycht weill to gud ending.

Sa

Sa did this KING, that Ik off reid;
And, for hys uttrageous manheid,
Confortyt hys on sic maner,
That nane had radnes quhar he wer
Liand intill hys seknes.
Tharfor in littre thai hym lay,
And till the *Slenauch* held thair way:
And thocht thar in that strenth to ly,
Till passyt war hys malady.

Bot fra the Erle off BUCHANE
Wyst that thai war thyddir gane;
And wyst that sa sek wes the KING
That men dowtyt off hys cowering;
He sent eftre hys men in hy,
And assemblyt a gret cumpany.
For all hys awne men war thar;
And all hys freynds with hym war;
That wis Schyr IHONE the MOWBRAY,
And hys brodyr, as Ik hard say,
And Schyr DAUID off BRECHYNOK,
With sele folk in thair ledyng.

And quhen thai all assemblyt war,
In hy thai tuk thair way to far
To the *Slenauch*, with all thair men,
For to assaille the KING then

Ver. 207. The Slenauch is probably in the mountains of Benachie, a few miles west of Inverury.

Wis

Wis liand intill hys ſeknes.
This wer eftre the Martymas,
Quhen ſnaw had helyt all the land.
To the *Slenauch* thai come ner hand,
Arrayit on thair beſt maner,
And then the KING's men that were
War off thair come, thaim apparaylyt
To defend, giff thai thaim aſſaylyt.
And not forthy thair fayis war
Ay twa for ane that thai war thar.
The Erly's men ner cumpand war,
Trumpand and makand mekill far,
And maid knychts quhen thai war ner.
And thai, that in the wodds ſid wer,
Stud in aray rycht ſarraly,
And thoucht to byd thar hardyly
The cummyn off thair enymyſs.
Bot thai wald, apon na kyn wyſs,
Iſche till aſſaile thaim in fechting,
Till coweryt war the nobill King.
Botand oythir wald thaim aſſaillye,
Thai wald defend wailye contra wailye.

And quhen the Erl's cumpany
Sa that thai wroucht ſa wiſely,
That thai thair ſtrenth ſchupe to defend;
Thair archers furth to them thai ſend,

Ver. 138. It is well known that it was uſual to make knights juſt before a battle.

147. contra — is in MS. 93. ie To que or qui — The phrase in Gawin Douglas p 168 v. 20.

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To bykker thaim as men off mayne;
And thai ſend archers thaim agayne,
That bekkyryt thaim ſa ſturdely,
Till thai off the Erle's party
Intill the bataill drywyn war.
Thre dayis on this wyſs lay thai thar;
And bekkyryt thaim euirilk day.
Bot thair bowmen the war had ay.
And quhen the KINGS cumpany
Saw thair fayis befor thaim ly,
That ilk day wox ma and ma,
And thai war quhene, and ſtad mar ſa
That thai had nathing for till eyt,
Bot giff thai trawaillit it to get;
Tharfor thai tuk cunſale into hy
That thar wald thai na langer ly;
Bot hald thair way quhar thai mycht get
To thaim, and thairs, wictallis and mete.

In a littar the KING thai lay;
And redyt thaim, and held thair way,
That all thair fayis mycht thaim ſe.
Ilk man buſkyt hym in hys degre
To fycht giff thai aſſaillyt war.
In midds thaim the KYNG thai bar,
And yeid about hym ſarraly,
And not full gretly thaim gan hy.

The Erle, and thai that with hym war,
Saw that thai buſkyt thaim to far;

156. MS. Batlaill

And ſaw how, with ſa litill effray,
Thai held furth with the KING their way,
Redy to fycht, quha wald aſſaile;
Thair harts begouth all to faile:
And in peſs let thaim paſs thair way;
And till thair houſis hame went thai.

The Erle hys way tuk to *Bowchane*,
And Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE is gane
Rycht to *Strabolghy*, with the KING.
And ſwa lang thar maid ſoiournyng,
Till he begouth to cowyr, and ga.
And ſyne thair wayis gan thai ta
Till *Innerowrie* ſtraucht agayne.
For thai wald ly into the playne,
The wynter ſeſone, for wictaile
Intill the plane mycht thaim to faile.

The Erle wyſt that thai war thar;
And gadryt a mengye, her and thar;
BRECHYNE, and MOWBRAY, and thair men,
All till the Erle aſſemblyt then,
And war a full gret cumpany
Off men arayit jolyly.

Ver. 188. Strathbogy, a country and town on the weſt of Aberdeen-ſhire.

Ver. 194, 195. Editions read:

The winter ſeaſon for vittail
Into the plain they might not fail.

Till

Till *Auld Meldrum* thai yeid thair way,
And thar with thair men logyt thai,
Befor Yhule-ewyn a nycht bot mar,
A thouſand trow I weile thai war.
Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht.
And on the morn, quhen day was lycht,
The Lord of *Brechyne*, Schyr DAWY,
Is went towart *Innerowry*,
To luk giff he on ony wyſs
Mycht do ſcaith till hys ennymys.
And till the end of *Innerowry*
Come ridand ſa ſtidanly,
That off the KING's men he ſlew
A part, and othyr ſum thaim withdrew,
And fled thair way towart the KING;
That, with the maiſt off hys gadryng,
On the yond half doun was thaim liand.
And quhen men tauld hym tythand,
How Schyr DAWY had ſlayne hys men,
Hys horſs in hy he aſkyt then,
And bad hys men all mak thaim yar
Into gret hy, for he wald far
To bargayne with hys enymyſs.
With that he buſkyt for to ryſs,
That was not all weill recoweryt then.
Than ſaid ſum off hys priuy men,
'Quhat think ye this gat to far
'To fecht, and not yheit recoweryt ar?'
"Yhis," ſaid the KING, "withowtyn weer,
"Thair boſt has maid me hale and fer.

"For ſuld na medecyne ſa ſone
"Haiff coweryt me, as thai haiff done.
"Tharfor, ſa God hymſelff me ſe!
"I ſall thir haiff thaim, or thai me."

And quhen hys men has hard the KING
Set hym ſa hale for the fechting,
Off hys coweryng all blyth thai war,
And maid thaim for the bataill yhar.

The nobill KING, and hys mengye,
That mycht weill ner ſeuen hunder be,
Towart *Auld Meldrum* tuk thair way,
Quhar the Erle and hys mengye lay.
The diſcowrrours ſaw thaim cummand,
With baners to the wynd wawand;
And yeid to thair lord in hy,
That gert arme hys men haſtily,
And thaim arayit for bataill.
Behind thaim ſet thai thair poweraill,
And maid gud ſembland for to fycht.
The KING come on with mekill mycht;
And thai abaid, makand gret fayr,
Till thai ner at aſſemblyng wayr.

Bot quhen thai ſaw the nobill KING
Cum ſtoutly on, forowtyn fenyeing,
A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew.
And the KING, that rycht weill knew

That

That thai war all discomfyt ner,
Pressyt on thaim with hys baner;
And thai withdrew mar and mar.
And quhen the small folk thai had thar
Saw thair lords withdraw thaim swa,
Thai turnyt thair baks all for to ga,
And fled all scalyt her and thar.
The lords that yheit togeddyr war,
Saw that thair small folk war fleand,
And saw the KING stoutly cummand,
Thai war ilkane abesyt swa,
That thai the bak gaiff, and to ga.
A litill stound samyn held thai,
And syne ilk man has tane his way.

Fele neuir man sa foule myschance,
Eftre sa sturdy cuntenance.
For quhen the KING's cumpany
Saw that thai fled sa foulyly,
Thai chasyt thaim with all thair mayn;
And sum thai tuk, and sum has slayn.
The remanand war fleand ay;
Quha had gud hors gat best away.
Till *Ingland* fled the erle off BOWCHQUHANE,
Schyr IHONE MOWBRAY is with hym gane,
And war resett with the king.
Bot thai had bath bot schort lesting;
For thai deyt sone eftre syne.
And Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNE

Fled till *Brechyne*, hys awyn caſtell;
And warnyſt it baith fayr and weill.
Bot the erle of ATHOLL, DAWY
Hys ſon, that wis in *Kyldromy*,
Come ſyne, and hym aſſegyt thar.
And he that wald hald wer na mar,
Na bargane with the nobill KING,
Come ſyne hys man with gud treting.

Now ga we to the KING agayne,
That off hys victory wes rycht fayne,
And gert hys men bryn all *Bouchane*
Fra end till end, and ſparyt nane;
And heryit thaim on ſic maner,
That eftre that weill fyfty yer,
Men menyt the *Herſchip off Bowchane*.
The KING than till hys peſs has tane
The north cuntreyis, that humbly
Obeyſyt till hys ſenyowry.
Sa that be north the *Month* war nane
Than thai hys men war ilkane.
Hys lordſchip wox ay mar and mar.
Towart *Anguſs* ſyne gan he far,

Ver. 296. This ravage of Buchan is certainly no gem in the crown of Bruce's praiſe; but the manners of the age, and the deſire of ſtriking ſalutary terror into his opponents, may excuſe him; along with the juſt enmity he had for the Cummins, a family too powerful, and who had conſpired his death. The time is now ſpring, 1308. See *Annals*, ii. 24.

And

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And thoucht fone to mak all fre
That wes on the northalff the *Scotts Se*.
The caſtell off *Forfayr* wes then
Stuffyt all with *Inglis men*.
Bot PHILIP the FORASTER off *Platane*
Has off hys freynds with hym tane,
And with leddrys all priuely
To the caſtell he gan hym hy.
And up owtour the wall off ſtane,
And ſwa gat has the caſtell tane,
Throw faute off wach, with litill payne.
And ſyne all that he fand has ſlayne:
Syne yauld the caſtell to the KING,
That maid hym rycht gud rewarding.
And ſyne gert brek doun the wall,
And fordyd well, and caſtell all.

Quhen that the caſtell off *Forfar*,
And all the towrs tumblyt war
Downe till the erd, as Ik haiff tauld,
The KING, that wycht was wyſs and bauld,
That thoucht that he wald mak all fre
Apon the north halff the *Scotts Se*,

Ver. 309. The *Scots Sea*, or *Mare Scoticum*, is the frith of Forth. That part of Scotland ſouth of Clyde and Forth was not accounted to be in *Scotland proper*, till a late period, but only belonging to it. See *Enquiry into the Hiſtory of Scotland preceding* 1056. London 1789, 2 vols. 8vo.

Ver. 329. But Dundee was ſtill held by the Engliſh, till 1313. See book x. ver. 801.

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Till *Perth* is went, with all hys rout,
And unbeſett the towne about;
And till it a ſege has ſet.
Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and mete,
It mycht not but gret payn be tane;
For all the wall wis then of ſtane,
And wycht towrs and hey ſtandand.
And that tyme war tharin duelland
MOFFAT, and als OLYSARD,
Thai twa the toun had all in ward:
And off STRAITHERNE als the Erle wes thar.
Bot hys ſon, and off hys men, war
Without intill the KINGS rowt.
Thar was oft bekkyryng ſtyth and ſtout,
And men ſlayne apon ilk party.
Bot the gud KING, that all wytty
Wes in hys deds euirilkane,
Saw the wallis ſa ſtyth off ſtane,
And ſaw defens that thai gan ma;
And how the toun was hard to ta
With opyn ſawt, ſtrenth or mycht;
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with ſlycht.
And in all tyme that he thar lay
He ſpyit, and ſlely gert aſſay,
Quhar the dyke ſchaldeſt was.
Till at the laſt he fand a place

Ver. 340. Malis Earl of Strathern, a nobleman of great power.

Ver. 354. That is, 'where the ditch was ſhalloweſt.'

That

That men mycht till thair ſchulders wad.
And quhen he that place fundyn had,
He gert hys men buſk ilkane,
Quhen ſex wouks off the ſege wes gane;
And turſyt thair harneſs halely,
And left the ſege all opynly;
And furth with all his folk gan fayr,
As he wald do tharto na mayr.

And thai, that war within the toun,
Quhen thai to fayr ſa ſaw hym boun,
Thai ſchowtyt hym, and ſkornyn mad:
And he furth on hys wayis rad,
As he ne had will agayne to turn,
Na beſid thaim mak mar ſoiourn.
Bot in aucht days not forthy
He gert mak leddrys priuely,
That mycht ſuffice till hys entent;
And in a myrk nycht ſyne is went
Towart the town, all priuely;
Thai hard na wachys ſpek, na cry;
For thai war within may fall,
As men that dred not, ſlepand all.
Thai haid na dreid than off the KING;
For thai off hym hard nathing,
All the thre dayis befor, or mar;
Tharfor ſekyr and traiſt thai war.

And quhen the KING thaim hard not ſter,
He was blyth on gret maner,

And

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And hys leddrys in hand gan ta,
Enſample till hys men to ma.
Arayit weill in all hys ger,
Schot on the dyke, and with hys ſper
Taiſtyt, till he it our woud:
Bot till hys throt the watyr ſtud.

That tyme wis in hys cumpany
A knycht off *Fraunce*, wycht and hardy;
And quhen he in the watyr ſwa
Saw the KING paſs, and with hym ta
Hys laddyr unabaſytly,
He ſaynyt hym for the ferly.
And ſaid, "A lord! quhat ſall we ſay
"Off our lords off *Fraunce*, that thai
"With gud morſells fayris thair pawnch,
"And will bot ete, and drynk, and dawnſe,
"Quhen ſic a knycht, and ſa worthy,
"As this throw hys chewalry,
"Into ſic perill has hym ſet,
"To wyn a wrechyt hamylett!"

With

Ver. 403. It is no wonder that, to a French knight, Perth, one of the chief towns of Scotland, ſhould appear 'a wretched 'hamlet.' Such was the poverty of Scotland, owing to want of induſtry; for induſtry can make any country rich; and want of it can render any country poor. This poverty continued till the abolition of hereditary juriſdictions, 1750, when liberty and induſtry began to diffuſe their bleſſings over Scotland. The flouriſhing ſtate of Scotiſh commerce under the five Jameses, lately ſtarted by ignorant theo-
riſts,

398. farcis

With that word to the dyke he ran,
And our eftre the KING he wan.

And quhen the KING's mengye faw
Thair lord out our, intill a thraw
Thai paſſyt the dyk: and, bot mar let,
Thair leddrys to the wall thai ſet;
And to clymb up faſt preſſyt thai.
Bot the gud KING, as I hard ſay,
Was the ſecond man that tuk the wall:
And bad thar/ till hys mengye all
War cummyn up, in full gret hy;
Yheit thair raiſs nothyr noyiſs na cry.
Bot ſone eftre thai noyiſs mad,
That off thaim fyrſt perſawing had,
Swa that the cry raiſs throw the toune.
Bot he that with hys men wes boune
Till aſſaill, to the toune is went,
And the maiſt off hys mengye ſent,
All ſcalyt throw the town: bot he
Held with hymſelff a gret mengye;
Sa that he mycht be ay purwayit
To defend, giff he war aſſayit.

Bot thai, that he ſend throw the toun,
Put to ſa gret confuſioun
Thair fayis, that in bedds war,
Or ſcalyt fled her and thar;

riſts, is a mere dream, unſupportable by any proof whatever. Scotland never was in ſo flouriſhing a condition as at preſent.

That,

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That, or the ſone raiſs, thai had tane
Thair fayis, or diſcomfyt ilkane.
The wardanys bath tharin war tane:
And MALICE off STRAITHERNE is gane
Till hys fadyr, the erle MALICE,
And with ſtrenth tuk hym, and hys.
Syne for hys ſake the nobill KING
Gave hym hys in gouerning.
The lave, that ran without the toun,
Seſyt to thaim into gret fuſioun
Men, and armyng, and merchandiſs,
And othyr gud on ſyndry wyſs;
Quhill thai, that er war pour and bar,
Off that gud rych and mychty war.
Bot thar was few ſlayne; for the KING
That thaim had gevyn in cummanding
On gret payne, that thai ſuld ſlay nane,
That bot gret bargane mycht be tane.
That thai war kynd to the cuntré
He wyſt, and off thaim had pité.

In this maner the toune wis tane.
And ſyne towrs euirilkane,
And wallis, gert he tumble doun:
He levyt not about that toun

Ver. 439. *Fuſioun* is plenty. Shakſpere uſes *foyſon plenty*, for abundant plenty.

Ver. 450. Fordun xii. 18 dates the taking of Perth 8 Jan. 1312-13. Sir D. Dalrymple 1311. Barbour's authority ſeems beſt, who here places it in 1308.

Towr

Towr ſtandand, na ſtane na wall,
That he ne haly gert ſtroy thaim all.
And priſonerys, that thar tuk he,
He ſend quhar thai mycht haldyn be.
And till hys peſs tuk all the land:
Wis nane that durſt hym thar withſtand.

Apon north halff the *Scotts Se*,
All obeyſyt till hys maieſté;
Owtane the LORN, and thai
Off *Arghile*, that wald with hym ga.
He held hym ay agayne the KING:
And hatyt hym atour all thing.
Bot yete, or all the gamyn ga,
I trow weill that the KING ſall ta
Wengeance off hys gret cruelté;
And that hym ſar repent ſall he,
That he the KING contraryit ay,
May ſall, quhen he it mend na may.

The KING's brodyr, quhen the toun
Wes takyn thus, and dongyn doun,
Schyr EDUUARD that was ſa worthy,
Tuk with hym a gret cumpany,
And tuk hys gayt till *Galloway*.
For with hys men he wald aſſay
Giff he mycht recouer that land,
And wyn it fra *Inglis menys* hand.

Ver. 476. June, 1308.

This

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This Schyr EDUARD, forſuth Ik hycht,
Wes off hys hand a nobill knycht;
And in blythnes ſuete and joly;
Bot he was owtrageouſs hardy,
And off ſa hey undertaking,
That he had neuir yhet abayſyng
Off multitud off men, forthy
He diſcumfyt commonly
Mony with quehene: tharfor had he
Owt our hys pers renowne.
And quha wald reherſs all the deid
Off hys hey worſchip, and manheid,
Men mycht a mekill romans mak.
And not forthy, I think to tak
In hand, to ſay ſum thing off hym:
Bot not tend part hys trawaillyn.

This gud knycht, that I ſpek of her,
With all the folk that with hym wer,
Weill ſone to *Galoway* cummyn is.
All that he fand he makyt hys;
And roytyt gretly the land.
Bot than in *Galloway* war wennand
Schyr INGREHAME UMPHRAWEILL, that wes
Renonyit off ſa hey prowes,
That he off worſchip paſſyt the rout;
Tharfor he gert ay ber about
Apon a ſper ane red bonnet,
Into takyn that he wes ſet

Into

Into the hycht of chewalry;
And off SAYNT IHONE als Schyr AYMERY.
Thir twa the land had in ſtering.
And quhen thai hard off the cumming
Off Schyr EDUUARD, that ſa playnly
Owr raid the land, then in gret hy
Thai aſſemblyt all thair mengye.
I trow twalf hundir thai mycht be.
Bot he with fewar folk thaim met
Beſid *Cre*, and ſa hard thaim ſet,
With hard bataill, and ſtalwart fycht,
That he thaim all put to the flycht:
And ſlew twa hundir weill and ma.
And the cheyftanys in hy gan ta
Thair way to *Bothwell*, for to be
Thar reſawyt to ſawfté.
And Schyr EDUUARD thaim chaſſyt faſt.
Bot till the caſtell, at the laſt,
Gat Schyr INGRAHAME, and Schyr AYMERY;
Bot the beſt off thair cumpany
Left ded behind thaim in the place.
And quhen Schyr EDUUARD ſaw the chace
Wes failyt, he gert feyſs the prey;
And ſwa gret catell had away,
That it war wondre for to ſe.
Owt of *Bothwell* thai ſaw how he

Ver. 509. His name was John de St. John, not Aymer de St. John. *Annals*, ii. 25.

Ver. 517. Fordun ſays near the river Dee, xii. 17. This action happened 29 June 1308.

Gert

Gert hys men dryve with hym the prey;
Bot na let fet tharin mycht thai.

Throw hys chewalyouſs chewalry
Galloway wes ſtonayit gretummly;
And he dowtit for hys bounté.
Sum off the men off that cuntré
Come till hys peſs, and maid hym aith.
Bot Schyr AYMYRY that had the ſkaith
Off the bargane, I tawld off er,
Raid till *Ingland* to purches ther
Off armyt men gret cumpany,
To wenge hym off the welany
That Schyr EDUUARD, that nobill knycht,
Hym did by *Cre* into the fycht.

Off gud men he aſſemblyt thar
Weill fyften hundir men, and mar,
That was off rycht gud renounné.
Hys way with all that folk tuk he;
And in the land, all priuely,
Entryt with that chewalry;
Thynkand Schyr EDUUARD to ſurpryſs,
Giff that he moucht on ony wyſs;
For he thocht he wald hym aſſaill,
Or that he left in playne bataill.

Now may ye her off gret ferly,
And off rycht hey chewalry.

For

For Schyr EDUUARD into the land
Wes with hys mengye, rycht ner hand,
And in the mornyng rycht arly
Herd the cuntré men mak cry;
And had wittryng off thair cummyng.
Than buſkyt he hym, but delaying,
And lap on horſs deliuerly.
He had then in route fyfty,
All apon gud horſs armyt weill.
Hys ſmall folk gert he ilk deill
Withdraw thaim till a ſtrait tharby:
And he raid forth with hys fyfty.

A knycht, that then wis in hys rowt,
Worthy and wycht, ſtalwart and ſtout,
Curtaiſs, and fayr, and off gud fame,
Schyr ALLANE off CATKERT by name,
Tauld me this taile, as I ſall tell.
Gryt myſt into the mornyng fell,
Sa thai mycht not ſe thaim by,
For myſt, a bow-draucht fullyly.
Sa hapnyt it that thai fand the traiſs,
Quhar at the rowte furth paſſyt waiſs
Off thair fayis, that forouth raid.
Schyr EDUUARD, that gret yarnyng had
All tymes to do chewalry,
With all hys rowte in full gret hy,
Folowyt the traiſs quhar gan war thai;
And, befor myd-morn off the day

The myſt woux cler all ſedanly.
And than he, and hys cumpany,
War not a bow-draucht fra the rout:
Than ſchot thai on thaim with a ſchout.
For giff thai fled, thai wyſt that thai
Sůld not weill feyrd part get away.
Tharfor in awentur to dey
He wald hym put, or he wald fley.
And quhen the *Inglis* cumpany
Saw on thaim cum ſa ſedanly
Sik folk, forowtyn abayſing,
Thai war ſtonayit for effrayng.
And the tothyr, bot mar abaid,
Swa hardely amang thaim raid,
That fele off thaim till erd thăr bar.
Stonayt ſa gretly than thai war,
Throw the force off that fyrſt aſſay,
That thai war intill gret affray;
And wend befor thai had ben ma,
For that thai war aſſaillyit ſwa.
Quhen thai had thyrlyt thaim haſtely,
Then Schyr EDŮARD's cumpany
Set ſtoutly in the heid agayne.
And at that courſs borne doun, and ſlayne,
War off thair fayis a gret party;
That thai effrayit war ſa gretly,
That thai war ſcalyt gretly then.
And quhen Schyr EDŮARD, and hys men,
Saw thaim intill ſa ewill aray,
The thrid tyme on thaim prykyt thai.

And

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And thai that ſaw thaim ſa ſtoutly
Come on, dred thaim ſa gretummly,
That all the rowte, baith les and mar,
Fled prykand, ſcalyt her and thar.
Was nane amang thaim ſa hardy
To bid; bot all comonaly
Fled to warand, and he gan chaſs
That willfull to deſtroy thaim was.
And ſum he tuk, and ſum war ſlayn.
Bot Schyr AMERY, with mekill payn,
Eſchapyt; and hys gate is gayn.
Hys men diſcomfyt wer ilkane;
Sum tane, ſum ſlayn, ſum gat away.
It wes a rycht ſayr point perfay.

Lo how hardyment tane ſa ſedanly,
And drewyn to the end ſcharply,
May ger oftſyſs unluky things
Cum to rycht ſayr and gud endings.
As it fell into this caſs her.
For hardyment withowtyn wer
Wan fyften hundir with fyfty:
Quhar ay for ane thar was twenty;
And twa men ar a mannys her.
Bot ure thaim led on ſwilk maner,
That thai diſcomfyt war ilkane.
Schyr AMERY hame hys gate is gane,
Rycht blyth that he ſwa gat away,
I trow he ſall not mony day

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Haiff will to werray that countré:
With this Schyr EDUUARD tharin be;
And duell furth into the land,
Thaim that rebell war werryand.

And in a yer ſa werrayit he,
That he wane qwyt that cuntré
Till hys brodyrs peſs, the KING.
Bot that wis nocht bot hard fechting.
For in that tyme thar hym befell
Mony ſayr poynt, as Ik hard tell,
The quhilk that ar not wryttyn her.
Bot I wate weill that, in that yer,
Threten caſtells with ſtrenth he wan,
And ourcame many a mody man:
Quha ſa off hym the ſouth will reid,
Had he had meſure in hys deid,
I trow that worthyar then he
Mycht not in hys tyme fundyn be.
Axceptyn hys brodyr entrely,
To quham into chewalry
Lyk wis nane, in hys day:
For he led hym with meſur ay,
And wyt with hys chewalry.
He gouernyt ſa worthily
That he oft full unlikely thing
Brocht rycht weill to gud ending.

In all this tyme JAMES off DOWGLAS
In the *Foreſt* trawailland was;

Ver. 672. Summer 1308.

And

664. outakyn his brod anerly.
670. off

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And it, throw hardiment and ſlycht,
Occupyit all, maugre the mycht
Off hys fell fayis, the quhyr thai
Set hym oft in full hard aſſay.
Bot oft throw wyt, and throw bounté,
Hys purpoſs to gud end broucht he.
Intill that tyme hym fell throw caſs
On ane nycht, as he trawailland was,
And thocht till haiff reſting
In ane houſs on the watyr off *Lyne*.
And as he come with hys mengye
Ner hand the houſs, ſa lyſnyt he,
And hard ane ſay tharin, "the dewill!"
And be that he perſawyt weill
That thai war ſtrang men, that thar
That nycht tharin herberyt war.
And as he thocht it fell per caſs:
For off *Bonkle* the Lord thar was,
ALESANDYR STEWART hat he;
With othyr twa off gret bounté,
THOMAS RANDALL off gret renoune;
And ADAM alſua off GORDOUN.

Ver. 683. In Tweedale: it paſſes near Kirkurd, and falls into the Tweed above Peebles.

Ver. 686. Swearing was ſo uncommon in the country at that time, that Douglas judged a man at arms alone could uſe it.

Ver. 694. Thomas Randel the king's nephew, ſoon after this, Earl of Moray.

That thar come with gret cumpany,
And thocht into the *Foreſt* to ly,
And occupy it, throw thair mycht;
And with trawaill, and ſtalwart fycht,
Chaſe DOWGLAS owt off the cuntré.
Bot othyrwyſs then yeid the gle.

For quhen JAMES had wittring
That ſtrange men had tane herbering
In the place, that he ſchuip hym to ly,
He to the houſs went haſtily,
And unbeſet it all about.
Quhen thai within hard ſwilk a rout
About the houſs, thai raiſs in hy,
And tuk thair ger rycht haſtily,
And ſchot furth, fra thai harnaſyt war.
Thair fayis thaim met with wapnys bar,
And aſſailyt rycht hardily,
And thai defendyt douchtely
With all thair mycht; till at the laſt
Thair fayis preſſyt thaim ſa faſt,
That thair folk failyt thaim ilkane.
THOMAS RANDELL thar wes tane;
And ALYSANDER STEWART alſua,
Woundyt in a place or twa;
ADAM off GORDOUN fra the fycht,
Quhat throw hys ſtrenth and mycht,
Eſchapyt; and ſer off thair men.
Bot thai that war areſtyt then,

War

War off thair takyng wondre wa.
Bot neidlings behowit it be swa.

That nycht the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
Maid to Schyr ALEXANDIR, that was
Hys ennemys sone, rycht glaidsum cher:
Swa did he als withowtyn wer
Till THOMAS RANDELL, for that he
Wes to the KING in ner degre
Off blud, for hys systre hym bar.
And on the morn forowtyn mar
Towart the nobill KING he raid,
And with hym bath the twa he had.

The KING off hys present wis blyth;
And thankyt hym weill fele syth.
And till hys nevo gan he say,
" Thou hast ane quhill renyid thy fay:
" Bot yow reconsalit now mon be."
Then till the KING ansueryt he,
And said, ' Ye chasty me; bot ye
' Aucht bettre chastyt for to be;
' For sen ye werrayit the king
' Off *Ingland* in playne fechting,
' Ye suld press to derenyhe your rycht,
' And not with cowardy, na with flycht.'
The KING said, " Yheit fall it may
" Cum, or oucht lang, to sik assay.
" Bot sen yow spekys sa rudly,
" It is gret skill men chasty

v. 728. Ennemys. MSS. Emys.

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"Thy proud words, till that yow knaw
"The rycht, and bow it as yow aw."
The KING, forowtyn mar delaying,
Send hym to be in ferme keping;
Quhar that he allane ſuld be,
Not all apon hys powſté fre.

bow il – el seems in MSS Vow il, that is avow il – in edition 1672 il is "and dulie that yow aw"

THE END OF BUKE IX.

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE X.

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MS. f. 32. b.

ARGUMENT.

The Kyng, at the mountain of Crethinben, defetes the men of Lorn—taks Dunſtafnage.—ALEXANDER *Lord of* ARGYLE *ſubmits, bot his ſon* JOHN *of* LORN *flees awa be ſe.*—WILLIAM BUNNOC, *a farmer, taks Linlithgow fort, for the King, be ſtratageme.*—RANDEL *is maid Erle of* MUREF *—and beſiegis Edinburgh caſtel.*—DOUGLAS *taks Roxburgh caſtel.*—RANDEL *taks Edinburgh caſtel.*—*Schir* EDWARD BRUCE *taks Ruthglen fort, and Dundee—but gies terms to Strivilin, quhilk draw the King of England to quell Scotland.*

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE X.

QUHEN THOMAS RANDELL, on this wyſs,
Wes takyn, as Ik her dewyſs,
And ſend to duell in gud keping,
For ſpek that he ſpak to the KING;
The gud KING, that thocht on the ſkaith,
The diſpyt and felny bath,
That IHON of LORNE had to hym done,
Hys oſt aſſemblyt he then ſone;
And towart *Lorn* he tuk the way,
With hys men intill gud aray.
Bot IHONE off LORNE off hys cummyng,
Lang or he come, had wittring.
And men on ilk ſid gadryt he,
I trow twa thouſand thar mycht be:
And ſend thaim for to ſtop the way,
Quhar the gud KING behowyt to gay;
And that wes in an ewill plaſs,
That ſa ſtrayt and ſa narow was,

Ver. 10. Auguſt 1308. See ſome latin rimes on this ſubject in Fordun, xii. 18.

That

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That twaſum ſamyn mycht not rid
In ſum place off the hills ſid.
The nethyr halff wes parallous;
For a ſchor crag, hey and hidwouſs,
Raucht to the ſe, doun fra the paſs.
On ayther halff the montane was
Swa combrouſs hey, and ſtay,
That it wes hard to paſs that way.
Cretbinben hight that montane.
I trow nocht that, in all *Bretane*,
Ane heyar hill may fundyn be.
Thar IHON of LORN gert hys menye
Enbuſchyt, be abowyn the way,
For, giff the KING held tharaway,
He thocht he ſuld ſone wencuſſyt be.
And hymſelff held hym apon the ſe,
Weill ner the paſs with hys galayis.
Bot the KING, that in all aſſayis
Wes fundyn wyſs and awiſé,
Perſawyt rycht weill thair ſutelté;
And that he neid that gait ſuld ga,
Hys men depertyt he in twa;

Ver. 27. Is this *Cruthin-ben*, between Lochs Etive and Awe, in the direct way from the eaſt to Dunſtafnage?

Ver. 35. The chiefs of Argyle, Lorn, and the Iles, being of Norwegian extract, had kept up the navy introduced by the Norwegians. Tho' the kings of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, had all their fleets, it cannot be diſcovered that the kings of Scotland ever had any.

And

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And till the gud Lord of DOWGLAS,
Quham in herbryd all worſchip was,
He taucht the archerys euirilkane.
And this gud Lord with hym has tane
Schyr ALYSANDER FRASER the wycht;
And WYLLYAM WYSEMAN, a gud knycht;
And with thaim ſyne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
Thir with thair mengye held thair way,
And clamb the hill deliuerly.
And, or thai off the tothyr party
Perſawyt thaim, thai had ilkane
The hycht abowyne thair fayis tane.

The KING and hys men held thair way:
And quhen intill the paſs war thai
Entryt, the folk of *Lorne* in hy
Apon the KING rayſyt the cry.
And ſchot, and tumblyt on hym ſtanys,
Rycht gret and hewy for the nanys.

Bot thai ſcaith not gretly the KING.
For he had thar in hys leding
Men, that lycht and deliuer war,
And lycht armours had on thaim thar;
Swa that thai ſtoutly clamb the hill:
And lettyt thair fayis to fulfill
The maiſt pairt off thair felny.
And als, apon the tothyr party,
Come JAMES off DOWGLAS, and hys rout,
And ſchot apon thaim with a ſchout.

And

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And woundyt thaim with arows faſt;
And with thair ſuerdys, at the laſt,
Thai ruſchyt amang thaim hardely.
For thai off *Lorne*, full manlely,
Gret and a pert defens gan ma.
Bot quhen thai ſaw that thai war ſwa
Aſſailyt apon twa partyſs;
And ſaw weill that thair ennymyſs
Had all the fayrer off the fycht;
In full gret hy thai tuk thair flycht.

And thai a feloune chaſs gan ma;
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourta.
And thai that mycht eſchap, but delay,
Rycht till ane watyr held thair way,
That ran doun be the hillys ſyd.
It was ſa ſtyth, and depe, and wyd,
That men in na place mycht it paſs,
Bot at ane brig that beneuth thaim was.
To that brig held thai ſtraucht thair way,
And to brek it faſt gan aſſay.
Bot thei that chaſſyt, quhen thai ſaw
Mak thar a reſt, bot drede or aw,
Thai ruſchyt apon thaim hardely,
And diſcomfyt thaim uterly.
And held the brig haill quhill the KING,
With all the folk off hys leding,

Ver. 73. That is 'began to make a great and briſk de-'fence.'

Paſſyt

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Paſſyt the brig all at thair eſe.
To IHONE off LORN it ſuld diſpleſe,
I trow, quhen he hys men mycht ſe,
Owte off hys ſchyppys fra the ſe,
Be ſlayn and chaſſyt in the hill,
That he mycht ſet na help thartill.
Bot it angrys als gretumly,
To gud harts that ar worthy,
To ſe thair fayis fulfill thair will,
As to thaimſelff to thole the ill.

At ſik myſcheyff war thai off *Lorn*.
For fele the lyvys thar has lorne;
And othyr ſum war fled thair way.
The KING in hy gert ſeſe the pray
Off all the land: quhar men mycht ſe
Sa gret habundance cum off ſe,
That it war wondre to behawld.
The KING, that ſtoute wes, ſtark, and bauld,
Till *Dunſtaffynch* rycht ſturdely
A ſege ſet; and beſyly
Aſſailyt the caſtell it to get.
And, in ſchort tyme, he has thaim ſet
In ſwilk thrang, that tharin war than,
That magre thaimis he it wan.
And ane gud wardane tharin ſet,
And betaucht hym bath men, and met,

Ver. 113. Dunſtafnage on the weſtern ſhore of Lorn, a ſtrong caſtle, and the reſidence of the chief. See a deſcription and view of it in Mr. Pennant's Tour.

Swa

Swa that he lang tyme thar mycht be,
Magre thaim all off that countré.

Schyr ALYSANDER off ARGHILE, that ſaw
The KING deſtroy up clene and law
Hys land; ſend treyters to the KING;
And come hys man bot mar duelling.
And he reſawyt hym till hys peſs.
Bot IHONE off LORNE hys ſon, that wes
Rebelland, as he wes wont to be,
And fled with ſchippys on the ſe.

Bot thai, that left apon the land,
War to the KING all obeyſand;
And he thair hoſtage all has tane;
And towart *Perth* agayne is gane,
To play hym thar into the playne.
Yeyt *Lothyane* wes hym agayne.
And at *Lythkow* was than a pele,
Mekill, and ſtark, and ſtuffyt wele

With

Ver. 125. *Treyters* are 'meſſengers to *treat*.'

Ver. 137. The Annaliſt of Scotland dates the taking of Linlithgow fort in 1311. There is therefore a vacancy of two years in this part of the poem, from 1308 to 1311. A peace between England and Scotland was negociating in 1308, 1309, by the mediation of France. Nor was any thing warlike performed till 1310, for the brief ſiege of Rutherglen is very dubious: (Annals, ii. 30). But in 1310 Edward II. made a fruitleſs and inglorious expedition as far as Renfrew: and a famine then raged in Scotland. In 1311 Bruce reſumed

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With *Ingliſmen*; and was reſett
To thaim that, with armurs or met,
Fra *Edynburgh* wald to *Strewelyn* ga.
And fra *Strewelyng* agayne alſua
Intill the cuntré did gret ill.
Now may ye her, giff that ye will,
Entremellys, and juperdyſs,
That men aſſayit mony wyſs,
Caſtells and peylls for to ta.
And this *Lithquhow* wes ane off tha:
And I ſall tell yow quhow it wes tane.
In the cuntré thar wenyt ane
That huſband was, and with hys ſe
Offtſyſs hay to the peile led he.
WILYAME BUNNOCK to name he had.
He ſaw ſa hard the cuntré ſtad,
Throw the gret force that it wes then
Gouernyt, and led with *Inglis men*;
Thai trawaillyt men outour meſure.
He wes a ſtout carle and a ſture;
And off hymſelff dour, and hardy;
And had freynds wonnand hym by.
And ſchawyt to ſum hys priueté;
And apon hys conwyne gat he
Men that mycht ane enbuſchement ma,
Quhill that he with hys wayn ſuld ga

ſumed his operations. We may regret that Barbour has omitted two great incidents, the expedition of Edward II. and the famine.

Ver. 151. A *huſband* is a farmer, *villicus*.

To lede thaim hay into the pale.
Bot hys wayne ſuld be ſtuffyt wele:
For aucht men, in the body
Off hys wayne, ſuld ſit priuely,
And with hay helyt be about.
And hymſelff, that wes dour and ſtout,
Suld by the wayne gang ydilly;
And ane yuman, wycht and hardy,
Befor ſuld dryve the wayne; and ber
Ane hachat, that war ſcharp to ſcher,
Undre hys belt: and quhen the yat
War opynnyt; and thai war tharat,
And he hard hym cry ſturdely
"Call all! Call all!" than haſtely
He ſuld ſtryk with the ax in twa
The ſoyme; and than in hy ſuld tha,
That war within the wayne, cum out,
And mak debat, quhill that thair rout
That ſuld ner by enbuſchyt be,
Cum for to manteyne the mellé.

This wes intill the herwyſt tyd,
Quhen felds, that ar fayr and wyd,
Chargyt with corne all fully war;
For ſyndry cornys that thai bar
Wox ryp to wyn, to mannys ſud:
That the treys all chargyt ſtud
With ſer fruts, on ſyndry wyſs.
In this ſuete tyme, that I dewyſs,

Ver. 180. *Soyme*, a rope uſed in drawing carriages.

Thai

Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay,
And with this BUNNOK ſpokyn had thai,
To lede thair hay, for he wes ner;
And he aſſentyt but daunger.
And ſaid that, in the mornyng
Weill ſone, a fothyr he ſuld bryng,
Fayrar, and gretar, and weill mor,
Than he broucht ony that yer befor.
And held thaim cunnand ſekyrly.
For that nycht warnyt he priuely
Thaim that in the wayne ſuld ga,
And that in the buſchment ſuld be alſua.

And thai ſa graithly ſped thaim thar,
That or day thai enbuſchyt war,
Weill ner the pele; quhar thai mycht her
The cry, als ſone as ony wer.
And held thaim ſua ſtill, but ſtering,
That nane off thaim had perſawing.

And this BUNNOK faſt gan hym payne
To dreſs hys menye in hys wayne;
And all, a quhile befor the day,
He had thaim helyt weile with hay.
And made hym to yok hys fe,
Till men the ſun ſchynand mycht ſe.
And ſum that war within the pele
War iſchyt on thair awae unſele,
To wyn the herwyſt nez thasby.
Than BONNOK with the cumpany,

That in hys wayne cloſyt he had,
Went on hys way, but mar debaid,
And callyt hys men towart the pele.
And the portar, that ſaw hym wele
Cum ner the yat, it opnyt ſone.
And than BONNOK, forowtyn hone,
Gert call the wayne deliuerly.
And quhen it wes ſet ewynly
Betwix the cheks off the yat,
Swa that men mycht it ſpar na gat,
He cryt, "Theyff! Call all! Call all!"
And he than lete the gad wand fall;
And hewyt in twa the ſpyme in hy.
BONNOK with that deliuerly
Roucht till the portar ſic a rout,
That blud and harnys bath come out.
And thai, that war within the wayne,
Lap out belyff; and ſone has ſlayne
Men off the caſtell, that war by.
Than in a quhile begouth to cry;
And thai that ner enbuſchyt war:
Lap out, and come with ſuerds bar,
And tuk the caſtell all but payn:
And has thaim that tharin was ſlayn.
And thai that war went furth beforn,
Quhen thai the caſtell ſaw forlorn,
Thai fled to warand to and fra;
And ſum till *Edinburgh* gan ga;
And till *Strewilline* ar othyr gane;
And ſum intill the gat war ſlayne.

BUNNOK

BUNNOK on this wyfs, with hys wayne,
The pele tuk, and the men has ſlayne.
Syne taucht it till the KING in hy,
That hym rewardyt worthely;
And gert dryve it doun to the ground.
And ſyne our all the land gan found,
Settand in peſs all the cuntré,
That at hys obeyſance wald be.

And quhen a litill tyme wes went,
Eftre THOMAS RANDALL he ſent;
And ſa weill with hym tretyt he,
That he hys man hecht for to be.
And the KING hys ire hym forgave:
And for to hey hys ſtate hym gave
Murreff, and Erle tharoff hym maid.
And othyr ſyndry lands braid
He gave hym intill heretage.
He knew hys worthy waſſelage,
And hys gret wycht, and hys awyſs,
Hys traiſt hart, and hys lele ſeruice.
Tharfor in hym affayit he,
And ryche maid hym off lands and fe,
As it wer certs rycht worthy,
And off ſa ſoweraine gret bounté,
That mekill off hym may ſpokyn be.

Ver. 256. To *found* is to go, to travel.

Ver. 266. The charter, which is curious, is publiſhed by Home, Lord Kaims, in his Eſſays on Britiſh Antiquities, and in Shaw's Hiſtory of Moray. It has no date.

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And for I think off hym to rede,
And to ſchaw part off hys gud dede,
I will diſcryve now hys faſſoun,
And part off hys conditioun.
He was off meſurabill ſtatur,
And weile porturat at meſur;
With braid weſage, pleſand and fayr,
Curtaiſs at poynt, and debonayr;
And off rycht ſekyr contenyng;
Lawté he lowyt atour all thing.
Falſet, treſoun, and felony,
He ſtud agayne ay entrely. f anerley
He heyit honour ay, and larges,
And ay mantenyt rychtwyſnes.
In cumpany ſolacious
He was; and tharwith amorous.
And gud knychts he luffyt ay.
And, giff I the ſuth ſall ſay,
He was fulfilyt off bounté,
Als off wertuys all maid was he.
I will commend hym her na mar:
Bot ye ſall her wele forthyrmar,
That he, for hys deds worthy,
Sald weill be pryſyt ſouerandly.

Quhen the KING thus was with hym faucht,
And gret lordſchippis had hym betaucht,
He woux ſa wyſ, and ſa awiſé,
That hys land fyrſt weill ſtablyſt he.

And

And syne he sped hym to the wer,
To help hys eyme in hys myster.
And with the assent off the KING,
Bot with a symple aparaling,
Till *Edinburgh* he went in hy,
With gud men intill cumpany,
And set a sege to the castell;
That than was warnyst wondre weill
With men and wictallis, at all rycht,
Sa that it dred na mannys sycht.

Bot this gud Erle not forthy
The sege tuk full apertly.
And pressyt the folk that tharin was
Swa, that not ane the yet durst pass.
Thai may abid tharin, and ete
Thair wictaill, quhile thai oucht may get;
Bot I trow thai sall lettyt be
To purches mar in the cuntré.
That tyme EDUWARD of *Ingland* king
Had gewyn that castell in keping
Till Schyr PERYS LOMBERT of *Gascone*.
And quhen thai off hys garysone
Saw the sege set thar sa stythly,
Thai mystrow hym off tratoury,
For that he spokyn had with the KING.
And for that ilk mistrowing

Ver. 308. 1312.

Ver. 324. Leland, Collect. ii. 546, calls him Piers *Leland*, perhaps from nominal affection.

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Thai tuk hym, and put hym in preſoun,
And off thair awyn natioun
Thai maid a conſtabill, thaim to lede,
Bath wyſs, and war, and wycht of dede.
And he ſet wyt, and ſtrenth, and ſlycht,
To kepe the caſtell at hys mycht.

Bot now off thaim I will be ſtill;
And ſpek a litill quhill I will
Off the douchty lord off DOWGLAS,
At that tyme in the Foreſt was.
Quhar he mony a juperty,
And fayr poynts off chewalry,
Serwyt as weill be nycht as day,
Till thaim that in hys caſtells lay,
Till *Roxburch* and *Jedwort*; bot I
Will lat fele off thaim paſs for by;
For I can noucht reherſs thaim all.
And thoucht I couth, weill trow ye ſall,
That I mycht not ſuffyce tharto,
Thar ſuld ſa mekill be ado.
Bot thai, that I wate wyttrely,
Eftre my wytt reherſs will I.

This tyme that the gud Erle THOMAS
Aſſegyt, as the lettre ſayis,

Ver. 339. 1312.

Ver. 353. 'As the lettre ſays,' only implies, as in this book has been ſaid before.

Edinburgh,

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Edinburgh, JAMES off DOWGLAS
Set all hys wyt for to purchas
How *Roxburch*, throw ſutelté
Or ony craft, mycht wonnyn be.
Till he gert SYME off the LEIDHOUSS,
A crafty man and a curiouſs,
Off hempyn rapis leddres ma,
With irne ſteppis bundyn ſwa,
That brek wald not on na kyn wiſs.
A cruk thai maid at thair deuiſs
Off irne, that wes ſtyth and ſquar,
That fra it in ane kyrneill war,
And the leddre tharfra ſtraitly
Strekyt, it ſuld ſtand ſekyrly.
This gud Lord off DOWGLAS, alſone
As this deuiſit wes and done,
Gadryt gud men in priuetè,
Thre ſcor, I trow, thai mycht be.
And on the Faſtrynys-ewyn rycht,
In the beginning off the nycht,
To the caſtell thai tuk thair way.
With blak frogs helyt war thai,
The armours that thai on thaim had.
Thai come ner by thair, but abad,

Ver. 365. A kernil is one of the low interſtices of wall on the battlements.

Ver. 372. Faſtrens-even is the eve of Lent. 6 March 1313.

Ver. 375. A *frog*, now ſpelt *frock*, is an upper-coat.

And

And ſend haly thair horſs tharfra.
And thai on rawnge, in an route gan ga
On hands and fete, quhen thai war ner,
Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer,
That war wont to be bondyn left tharout;
It was rycht myrk withoutyn dout.
The quheyn ane, on the wall that lay,
Beſid hym till hys fere gan ſay,
"This man thinks to mak gud cher,"
(And nemyt ane huſband tharby ner)
"That has left all hys oxin owt."
The tothyr ſaid, 'It is na dout
'He ſall mak mery to nycht, thocht thai
'Be with the DOWGLAS led away.'
Thai wend the DOWGLAS and hys men
Had bene oxyn; for thai yeid then
On hands and fete, ay ane and ane.
The DOWGLAS rycht gud tent has tane
To thair ſpek: bot alſone thai
Held carpand inwart thair way.

DOWGLAS' men tharoff war blyth.
And to the wall thai ſped thaim ſwyth:
And ſone has up thair leddres ſet,
That maid a clap quhen thai cruchet
Wes fixit faſt in the kyrneill.
That herd ane off the wachis weill;
And buſkyt thyddirwart, but baid.
Bot LEDDEHOUSE, that the leddre maid,
Sped

Sped hym to clymb fyrſt to the wall:
Bot or he wes up gottyn all,
He at that ward had in keping,
Met hym rycht at the upcumming.
And for he thoucht to ding hym doun,
He maid na noyis, na cry, na ſoun,
Bot ſchot to hym deliuerly.
And he that was in jupperty
To de, a launce he till hym maid,
And gat hym be the nek but baid;
And ſtekyt hym upwart with a knyff;
Quhill in hys hand he left the lyff.
And quhen he ded ſwa ſaw hym ly,
Upon the wall he went in hy,
And doun the body keſt thaim till;
And ſaid, "All gangs as we will.
"Spede yow upwarts deliuerly."
And thai did ſwa, in full gret hy.
Bot, or thai wan up, thar come ane,
And ſaw LEDHOUSS ſtand hym allane,
And knew he was not off thair men.
In hy he ruſchyt till hym then;
And hym aſſaylit ſturdely,
Bot he ſlew hym deliuerly;
For he wes armyt, and wes wycht;
The tothyr nakit wes, Ik hycht,
And had noucht for to ſtynt the ſtrak.
Sic mellé thairup gan he mak,
Quhill DOWGLAS, and hys mengye all,
War cummyn up apon the wall.

Then

Then in the tour thai went in hy:
The folk wes that tyme halyly
Intill the hall, at thair daunsing,
Synging, and other wayis playing;
And apon Faſtyryngs-ewyn is
The cuſtume to mak joy and blyſs,
Till folk that ar into pouſté;
Swa trowyt thai that tyme to be.

Bot, or thai wyſt, rycht in the hall
DOWGLAS, and hys route, cummyn war all.
And cryt on hycht, DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!
And thai, that ma war than he was,
Hard DOUGLAS! cryt hydwyſsly;
Thai war abayſit for the cry;
And ſchuip rycht na defens to ma,
And thai but pité gan thaim ſla,
Till thai had gottyn the outhand,
The tothyr fled to ſek warand,
That out off meſur ded gan dreid.
The wardane ſaw how that it yeid
That callyt was GILMYN DE FYNYS;
In the gret toure he gottyn is,
And othyrs off hys cumpany,
And ſparryt the entré haſtily.
The lave, that lewyt war without,
War tane, or ſlayn, thar is na dout,

Ver. 456, Gillemin de Fiennes. Annals, ii. 37.

Bot

Bot giff that any lap the wall.
The DOWGLAS that nycht held the hall,
Allthoch hys fayis tharoff wer wa.
Hys men was gangand to and fra,
Throw out the caſtell all that nycht.
Till on the morne, that day wes lycht,
The wardane, that wis in the tour,
That was a man off gret walour,
GILMYN THE FYNYS, quhen he ſaw
The caſtell tint, be cleûe and law,
He ſet hys mycht for to defend
The tour; but thai without hym ſend
Arowyis in ſa gret quantité,
That anoyit tharoff wes he.

Bot till the tothyr day not forthy
He held the tour full ſturdely.
And then at ane aſſalt he was
Woundyt ſa felly in the face,
That he wes dredand off hys lyff;
Tharfor he tretyt thar beliff;
And yauld the tour on ſic maner,
That he, and all that with hym wer,
Suld ſaufly paſs in *Ingland*.
DOWGLAS held thaim gud conand,
And cowoid thaim to thair cûntré.
Bot thar full ſchort tyme levyt he:
For throw the wound intill the face,
He deyt ſone, and beryit was.

DOWGLAS

Dowglas the caſtell ſeſyt all,
That than was cloſyt with ſtalwart wall;
And ſend this Leidhouss till the King,
That maid hym full gud rewarding.
And hys brothyr in full gret hy,
Schyr Eduuard, that wes ſa douchty,
He ſend thyddyr to tumble it doun,
Bath tour, and caſtell, and dungeoun.
And he come with gret cumpany,
And gert trawaill ſa beſyly,
That tour and wall, rycht to the ground,
War tumblyt in a litill ſtound.
And duelt thar quhill all *Tewidale*
Come to the Kings peſs, all haile,
Owtane *Jedwort*, and othyr that ner
The *Ingliſmennys* bounds wer.

Quhen *Roxburch* wonyn was on this wyſs,
The Erle Thomas, that hey empriſs
Set ay on ſouerane hey bounté,
At *Edynburgh* with hys mengye
Was liand at a ſege, as I
Tauld you befor all opynly.
Bot fra he hard how *Roxburch* was
Tane with a trayne, all hys purchas,
And wyt, and beſynes, Ik hycht,
He ſet for to purches ſum ſlycht,
How he mycht help hym, throw body
Mellyt with hey chewalry,

To

To wyn the wall off the caſtell
Throw ſum kyn ſlycht. For he wyſt weill
That na ſtrenth mycht it plainly get,
Quhill thai within had men and met.

Tharfor priuely ſperyt he
Giff ony man mycht fundyn be,
That couth fynd any juperty
To clymb the wallis priuely:
And he ſuld have hys waryſoun.
For it wes hys ententioun
To put hym till all awentur,
Or that a ſege on hym mysfur.

Than wes thar ane WILYAME FRANCUSS,
Wycht, and apert, wyſs, and curyuſs,
That intill hys youthheid had bene
In the caſtell; quhen he has ſene
The Erle ſua enkerly hym ſet
Sum ſutelté, or wile, to get,
Quhar throw the caſtell have mycht he,
He come to hym in priueté;
And ſaid, "Methink ye wald blythly
"That men fand yow ſum juparty,
"How ye mycht our the wallis wyn:
"And certs giff ye will begyn
"For till aſſay on ſic awyſs,
"Ik undirtak, for my ſeruice,
"To ken yow to clymb to the wall;
"And I ſall formaſt be off all;

"Quhar

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" Quhar with a ſchort leddre may we,
" I trow off twelf fute it may be,
" Clym to the wall up all quytly.
" And giff that ye will wyt how I
" Wate this, I ſall yow blythly ſay.
" Quhen I was young this hendre day,
" My fadyr wes keper off yone houſe,
" And I wes ſum deill walgeouſs,
" And lovyt a wench her in the toun.
" And for I, bot ſuſpicioun,
" Mycht repayr till hyr priuely,
" Off rapys a leddre to me mad I:
" And tharwith our the wall I ſlaid.
" A ſtrayt roid, that I ſperyt had,
" Intill the crage, ſyne doun I went;
" And offtſyſs come till myn intent.
" And quhen it ner drew to the day,
" I held agayne that ilk way:
" And ay come in but perſawing.
" Ik uſyt lang that trawailling;
" Sa that I can that roid ga rycht,
" Thoucht men ſe newyr ſa myrk the nycht;
" And giff ye think ye will aſſay
" To paſs up eſtre me that way;
" Up to the wall I ſall yow bring,
" Giff God us ſawys fra perſawing
" Off thaim, that wachys on the wall.
" And giff that us ſwa fayr may fall,
" That we owr leddrys up may ſet,
" Giff a man on the wall may get,

" He

" He ſall defend, and it be ned,
" Quhill the remanand up thaim ſped."

The Erle wes blyth off hys carping,
And hycht hym fayr rewarding;
And undretuk that gat to ga.
And bad hym ſone hys leddre ma,
And hald hym priué quhill thai mycht
Set for thair purpoſe on a nycht.

Sone eftre was the leddre maid;
And then the Erle, but mar abaid,
Puruayt hym a nycht preuély,
With threty men, wycht and hardy;
And in a myrk nycht held thair way
That put thaim till full hard aſſay;
And to gret perill ſekyrly.
I trow, mycht thai haiff ſene clerly,
That gat had not bene undretane,
Thouch thai to let thaim had not ane.
For the crag wes hey, and hidwouſs,
And the clymbing rycht parallous:
For hapnyt ony to ſlid and fall,
He ſuld ſone be to fruſchyt all.

The nycht wes myrk, as Ik hard ſay,
And to the fute ſone cummyn ar thai
Off the crag; that wes hey and ſchor.
Than WILYAM FRANSOYS thaim befor

Clamb in crykes forouth ay;
And at the bak hym followyit thai,
With mekill payne; quhile to quhile fra,
Thai clamb into the crykys ſwa,
Quhile halff the craig thai clumbyn had,
And thar a place thai fand ſa brad,
That thai mycht ſit on anerly.
And thai war handles and wery:
And thair abad thair ayrid to ta.
And rycht as thai war ſittand ſwa,
Rycht aboune thaim, up apon the wall,
The chak-wachys aſſemblyt all.
Now help thaim God, that all thing mai!
For in full gret perill ar thai;
For mycht thai ſe thaim thar, ſuld nane
Eſchape out off that place unſlane:
To dede with ſtanys thai ſuld thaim ding,
That thai mycht help thaimſelwyn nathing.

Bot wondre myrk wes the nycht,
Swa that thai off thaim had na ſycht.
And not forthy yeit wes thar ane
Off thaim, that ſwappyt doun a ſtane,
And ſaid, "Away! I ſee yow weill."
The quheyr he ſaw thaim not a deile.
Owt our thair heds ſtaw the ſtane;
And thai ſat ſtill lurkand ilkane.

The wachys, quhen thai herd noucht ſter,
Fra that ward ſamyn all paſſyt er,

And

And carpand held for by thar way.
The Erle THOMAS, alſone and thai
That on the crag thar ſat hym by,
Towart the wall clamb haſtily,
And thyddyr cam, with meikle mayn,
And not but gret perill and payn.
For fra thyne up wes grewouſer
To clymb up, ne beneth befer.

Bot quhat kyn payn ſua euir thai had,
Rycht to the wall thai come but bad,
That had weill ner twelf fute off hycht.
And, forowt perſawing or fycht,
Thai ſet thair leddres to the wall.
And ſyne FRANSOYS, befor thaim all,
Clamb up; and ſyne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
And ſyne the Erle hymſelf, perfay,
Wes the thrid, that the wall gan ta.
Quhen thai thar doune thair Lord ſwa
Saw clymbyne up apon the wall,
As woud men thai clamb eftre all.

Bot or all up clumbyn war thai,
Thai that war wachys till aſſay,
Hard ſtering, and priué ſpeking,
And alſwa fraying off armyng.
And on thaim ſchot full ſturdely;
And thai met thaim rycht hardely;
And ſlew off thaim diſpiteouſly.
Than throw the caſtell raiſs the cry,

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"Treſoun! Treſoun!" thai cryt faſt.
Than ſum off tham war ſwa agaſt,
That thai fled, and lap our the wall.
Bot to ſay ſuth, thai fled not all.

For the conſtabill, that wes hardy,
All armyt ſchot furth to the cry;
And with hym fele hardy and ſtout.
Yeyt wes the Erle, with hys rout,
Fechtand with thaim apon the wall;
Bot ſone he diſcomfyt thaim all.
Be that hys men war cummyn ilk ane
Up to the wall, and he has tane
Hys way doun to the caſtell ſone.
In gret perill he hes hym doyn,
For thai war fer ma men tharin,
(And thai had bene off gud cowyne)
Than he; bot thai effrayit war.
And not for this, with wapnys bar,
The conſtabill, and hys cumpany,
Met hym and hys, rycht hardely.

Thar mycht men ſe gret bargane riſs:
For with wapnys off mony wiſs
Thai dang on othyr, at thair mycht,
Quhill ſwerds that war fayr and brycht
War till the hilts all bludy.
Than hidwyſly begouth the cry:
For thai that fellyt, or ſtekyt, war,
Hidwyſly gan cry and rar.

The

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The gud Erle, and hys cumpany,
Faucht in that fycht ſa ſturdyly,
That all thair fayis ruſchyt war,
The conſtabill wes ſlane rycht thar.
And fra he fell the remanand
Fled, quhar thai beſt mycht, to warand.
Thai durſt not bid to ma debate.
The Erle was handlyt thar ſa hat,
That had it not hapnyt throw caſs,
That the conſtabill thar ſlayn than was,
He had bene in gret perell thar.
Bot quhen thai fled thar was na mar;
Bot ilk man, to ſauff hys lyff,
Fled furth hys dayis for to dryve.
And ſum ſlaid doun out our the wall.
The Erle has tane the caſtell all;
For thar wes nane durſt hym withſtand.
I hard newyr quhar, in na kin land,
Wes caſtell tane ſa hardely,
Owtakyn *Treile* anerly,
Quhen ALEXANDER the conquerour,
That conqueryt *Babilonys* tour,
Lap on bar forſs fra the wall;
Quhar he amang hys fayis all,

Ver. 701. Edinburgh caſtle was taken 14th March 1313, Fordun xii. 19.

Ver. 705. Editions read *Tyre*, abſurdly. It was in a town of the Oxydracæ that Alexander incurred this danger. Arrian. lib. vi. p. 394, ed. Blancardi. But the name is unknown, and Barbour's authority eſcapes me.

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Defendyt hym full douchtely,
Quhill hys nobill chewalry,
With leddres our the wall yeid,
That nothyr left for dede na dreid.
For fra thai wyſt weill that the king
Wes in the toun, thar was nathing
Intill that tyme that ſtynt thaim moucht,
For all perfill thai ſet at noucht.
Thai clamb the wall; and ARISTE
Come fyrſt to the gud king, quhar he
Defendyt hym, with all hys mycht;
That then ſa hard wes ſet, Ik hycht,
That he wes fellyt on a kne;
He till hys bak had ſet a tre,
For dred thai ſuld behind aſſaile.
ARISTE then to the bataille
Sped hym in hy, all ſturdely,
And dang on thaim ſa douchtely,
That the king weill reſkewit was.
For hys men, into ſyndry plas,
Clamb our the wall and ſoucht the king,
And hym reſkewyt with hard fechting;
And wanne the toun deliverly.
Owtane this taking enerly,
I herd neuir, in na tyme gane,
Quhar caſtell was ſa ſtoutly tane.

And off this taking that I mene
Saint MARGARET, the gud haly quene,
Wyſt

Ver. 737. Margaret, the queen of Malcom III. a woman worth

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Wyſt in hyr tyme, throw reweling
Off hym that knaws and wate all thing.
Tharfor, inſted of prophecy,
Sche left taknyng rycht joly,
That is yeit intill hyr chapele.
Sche gert weill portray a caſtell,
A leddre up to the wall ſtandand,
And a man up tharapon clymband.
And a wrote oucht hym, as auld men ſayis,
In *Frankis*, *Gardys vouys de Franſſis*.
And for this word ſche gert wryt ſwa,
Men wend the *Frankis men* ſuld it ta.
Bot for FRAWNSOUS hattyn wes he,
That ſwa clamb up in priueté,
Sche wrat that, as in prophecy:
And it fell eftrewart ſothly
Rycht as ſhe ſaid; for tane it was,
And FRANSOYS led thaim up that paſs.

On this wyſs *Edinburgh* was tane;
And thai that war tharin ilkane
Othyr tane, or ſlane, or lap the wall,
Thair guds haiff thai lefyt all;

worth a thouſand ſaints. See the life of her, by her confeſſor, in the *Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*, Londini, 1789, 8vo.

Ver. 746. Editions read:

And wrote on him, as old men ſayes,

We ſhould ſurely read 'ovvr him,' over him, above him.

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And ſouch the houſs euirilkane.
Schyr PERS LUMBART that was tane,
As I ſaid er befor, thai fand
In boyis, and hard feſtnyng ſittand.
Thai broucht hym to the Erle in hy,
And he gert louſs hym haſtely;
Then he become the KING's man.
Thai ſend word to the KING rycht than,
And tauld how the caſtell wes tane.
And he in hy is thyddar gane;
With mony ane in cumpany,
And gert myne doun all halyly,
Bath tour and wall rycht to the grond.
And ſyne our all the land gan fond,
Seſand the cuntré till hys peſs.
Off this deid, that ſa worthy wes,
The Erle was preſyt gretumly.
The KING that ſaw hym ſa worthy,
Was blyth, and joyfull our the lave,
And to mantayne hys ſtat he gave
Rents and lands, fayr inewch.
And he to ſa gret worſchip dreuch,
That all ſpak off hys gret bounté.
Hys fayis gretly ſtonayit he;
For he fled neuir for force off fycht.
Quhat ſall I mar ſay off hys mycht?
Hys gret manheid, and hys bounté,
Gerrs hym yeit renownyt be.

In

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In this tyme, that thir jupertyſs
Off thir caſtells, that I dewiſs,
War eſchewyt ſa hardely,
Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE, the hardy,
Had all *Galloway* and *Nidyſdale*
Wynnyn till hys liking all haile.
And dingyn doun the caſtells all
Rycht in the dyk, bath tour and wall.

He hard than ſay, and knew it weile,
That in *Ruglyn* wes a pele.
Thyddir he went, with hys menye,
And wonnyn it in ſchort tyme has he.
Syne to *Dundé* he tuk the way,
That then wes halden, as I herd ſay,
Agayne the KING. Tharfor in hy
He ſet a ſege tharto ſtoutly;
And lay thar quhill it yolden was.
To *Strewillyne* ſyne the way he taes;
Quhar gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
That wás ſa douchty at aſſay,
Wás wardane; and had in keping
That caſtell, off the *Inglis* king.

Thartill a ſege thai ſet ſtythly:
Thai bekkyryt offtſyſs ſturdely;
Bot gret chewalry done wes nane.
Schyr EDUUARD, fra the ſege wes tane,

Ver. 788. 1312, 1313.

A weill

A weill lang tyme about it lay,
Fra the Lentryne, that is to ſay,
Quhill forouth the Saint Jhonys meſs;
The *Inglis* folk, that tharin wes,
Begouth to failye wictaill be than.
Than Schyr PHILIP, that douchty man,
Tretyt quhill thai conſentyt war,
That giff at Midſomer, the neiſt yer
To cum, it war not with bataill
Reſkewyt; than that, forowtyn faill,
He ſuld the caſtell yauld quytly.
That connand band thai ſekyrly.

Ver. 815, 816. From Lent 1313 to 24th June.

THE END OF BUKE X.

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE XI.

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Ms. f. 36. b.

ARGUMENT.

Thilk, and the twa folowand bukes, contein the Kyng of England's array again Scotland, and the battel of Bannocburn. EDWARD II. *assemblis ane gret hoſt, dividit intil ten battels, of ten thouſand men ilkane—marchis till Edenborrow.—King* ROBERT *ſummounis his armie of thritty thuſand, and ma, and dividis tham into four battels—his ſtratageme —he orders the ſma folk, carriage, and vittail, fra him.—The Inglis advaunce to Falkirk.—The Erle of* MUREF, *with fyve hundred men, aſſalis eight hundred.*

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE XI.

AND quhen this cunand thus was maid,
Schyr PHILIP intill *Ingland* raid;
And tauld the King all hale his tale,
How he a twelf moneth all hale
Had, (as it wryttin wes in their tailé),
To reſkew *Strewillyne* with bataillé.

And quhen he hard Schyr PHILIP ſay
That *Scotts men* had ſet a day
To fycht; and that ſic ſpace he had
To purway him; he wes rycht glaid.
And ſaid, it wes gret ſukudry
That ſet thaim apon ſic foly.
For he thocht to be, or that day,
Sa purwayit, and in ſic aray,
That thar ſuld nane ſtrenth hym withſtand.
And quhen the lords off *Ingland*
Herd that this day wes ſet planly,
Thai jugyt it all for to failly,

Ver. 5. *Tailé* is covenant, agreement.

And

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And thoucht to haiff all thair liking,
Giff men abaid thaim in fechting.

Bot oft faillys the fulis thoucht:
And yheit wyſmennys ay cummys nocht
To ſik end, as thai weine, alwayis.
A litill ſtane oft, as men ſayis,
May ger weltyr a mekill wayne.
Na mannys mycht may ſtand agayne
The grace of God, that all thing ſters.
He wate quhat till all thing affers;
And diſponys at hys liking
Off hys ordynance all thing.

Quhen Schyr EDUUARD, as I yow ſay,
Had gevyn ſwa owtrageouſs a day
To yeld, or reſkew, *Strewillyne*,
Rycht to the KING he went hym ſyne.
And tauld quhat tretyſs he had mad;
And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.
The KING ſaid, quen he hard the day,
" It wes unwiſely doyn perfay!
" Ik herd neuir quhar ſa lang warnyng
" Wes gevyn to ſa mychty a King,
" As is the King off *Ingland*.
" For he has now intill hand
" *Ingland*, *Ireland*, and *Walis* alſua,
" And *Aquitangue* yheit, with all tha;
" And off *Scotland* yeit a party
" Dwells undre hys ſenyowry.

" And

44. aleya — i.e. alsace
— aquitayngne

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" And off treſour ſa ſtuffyt is he,
" That he may wageours haiff plenté.
" And we ar quhoyne, agayne ſa fele.
" God may rycht weill owr werdys dele!
" Bot we ar ſet in juperty,
" To tyne, or wyn, than haſtily."

Schyr EDUUARD ſaid, ' Sa God me rede!
' Thoch he, and all that he may lede,
' Cum; we ſall fecht all, war thai ma.'
Quhen the KING hard hys brodyr ſay ſwa
Spek to the bataill ſa hardely,
He preſyt hym in hys hart gretumly.
And ſaid, " Brodyr, ſen ſwa is gane,
" That this thing thus is undretane,
" Schap we us tharfor manlely;
" And all that luffs us tendrely,
" And the fredome off this cuntré,
" Purway thaim at that tyme to be
" Boune, with all the mycht that euir thai may.
" Swa giff that our fayis aſſay
" To reſkew *Strewilline*, throw bataill,
" That we off purpoſs ger thaim faill."

To thys thai all aſſentyt ar,
And bad thair men all mak thaim yar
For to be boune, agayne that day,
On the beſt wyſs that euir thai may.

Then

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Then all, that worthy war to fycht,
Off *Scotland* ſet all hale thair mycht,
To purway thaim, agayne that day.
Wappnys and armowrs purwayit thai;
And all that affers to fychting.
And in *Ingland* the mychty King
Purwayit hym in ſa gret aray,
That, certs hard I neuir ſay,
That *Inglis men* mar aparaile
Maid, than thai did for bataile.

For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner,
He aſſemblyit all hys power.
And, but hys awne chewalry,
That wes ſa gret it wes ferly,
He had off mony fer cuntré
With hym gud men off gret bounté.
Off *Fraunce* worthy chewalry
He had intill his cumpany;
The Erle off *Henaud* als was thar,
And with hym men that worthy war;
Off *Gaſcoyne*, and off *Almany*,
And off the worthyaſt off *Bretaynguy*,
He had wycht men, and weill farand,
Armyt clenly, bath fute and hand.
That nane left that mycht wappnys weld,
Or mychty war to fecht in feld.
All *Walis* als with hym had he;
And off *Irland* a gret mengye;

Off

x ms. of Ingland to ye Chewalry
he had ye gaderyt sa clenly

Off *Pontyne*, *Aquitane*, and *Bayone*,
He had mony off gret renoune.
ANE HUNDRE THOUSAND men, and ma;
And fourty thouſand war off tha
Armyt on horſs, bath heid and hand.
And off thaim yeit war thre thouſand,
With helyt horſs in plate and mailye,
To mak the front off the batailye.
And fyfty-twa thouſand off archers
He had, forowtyn hobelers.
And men of fute and ſmal rangale,
That yemyt harnays and wittaile,
He had ſa fele, it wes ferly.
Off carts als that ſaid thaim by
Sa fele that, but all thai that bar
Harnays, and als that chargyt war
With pailyownys, and weſchall withall,
And aparaile off chambyr and hall,

Ver. 103. This number ſeems not exaggerated. See *Annals*, ii. 41, 42. Edward ſummoned the whole power of his kingdom; *totum ſervitium noſtrum*. Rymer's Fœdera, iii. 478. With half the number he might probably have been victorious. An army exceeding 40,000 ſeems, from ancient and modern hiſtory, to be only calculated for miſmanagement and defeat. March, 1314.

Ver. 107. That is, horſes covered with mail: a very ancient practice among the Sarmatæ, or Slavonic nations, as appears from Trajan's pillar, and other ancient monuments, collated with ancient authors: and which continued among the Gothic nations to the lateſt times of chivalry.

And wyne, and wax, ſchot, and wictaille,
Aucht ſchor, chargyt with pulaile. 120
Thai war ſa fele quhar that thai raid,
And thair batails war ſa braid,
And ſwa gret rowme held thair char,
That men that mekill oft mycht ſe [far]
Ourtak the lands largely. 125
Men mycht ſe then, that had bene by,
Mony a worthy man, and wycht;
Mony ane armour gayly dycht,
And mony ane ſturdy ſtering ſted,
Arayit intill rych wede; 130
Mony helmys, and haberiownys;
And ſa many a combly knycht,
That it ſemyt that into fycht
Thai ſuld wencuſs the warld all haile.
Quhy ſuld I mak ſa lang my taile? 135
To *Berwik* ar cummyn ilk ane;
And ſum tharin has innys tane;
And ſum logyt withowt the townys,
In tents and in pailyownys.

And

Var. 120. Editions read, 'ſequal.' *Poulaile* is ſurely poultry.

Ver. 123, 124, 125. The MS. is here corrupt. It reads:

And ſwa gret rowme held thair char
[*A blank ſpace left for a line*]
That men that mekill oft mycht ſe,
Ner by quhen ſa wald be,
Ourtak the lands largely.
Men mycht ſe then, that had bene by.

The third line is ſuperfluous nonſenſe: and this corruption is

And quhen the King hys oft has ſene
Sa gret; and ſa gude men, and clene;
He was rycht joyfull in hys thoucht.
And weill ſuppoſit that thar wes noucht
In warld a king mycht hym withſtand.
Hym thoucht all wonnyn till hys hand;
And largly amang hys men
The land off *Scotland* delt he then.
Off othyr mennys thing larg wes he.
And thai, that war off hys mengye,
Manauſyt the *Scotts men* haly
With gret words. But not forthy,
Or thai cum all to thair entent,
Howys in hale claith ſall be rent.

The King, throw cunſaile off hys men,
Hys folk delt in bataills ten.
In ilkane war weile ten thouſand,
That lete thai ſtalwartly ſuld ſtand
In the bataill, and ſtythly fycht;
And leve not for thair fayis mycht.
He ſet leders till ilk bataile,
That knawin war off gud gouernaile.
And till renownyt Erls twa,
Off GLOSYSTER and HERFURD war tha,
Thai had the waward in leding,
With mony men at thair bidding,

is eaſily remedied from the editions; which however for *thair thar* read, *they there*.

Ver. 153. That is, 'holes muſt be made in ſound cloth.'

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Ordanyt into full gud aray.
Thai war ſa chewalrows, that thai
Trowyt, giff thai come to fycht,
Thar ſuld na ſtrenth withſtand thair mycht.
And the King, quhen hys mengye wer
Dewyſit intill bataill ſer,
Hys awne bataill ordanyt he;
And quha ſuld at his bridill be.
Schyr GILIS DE ARGENTE' he ſett
Apon a halff, hys reyngye to kept;
And off WALENCE Schyr AYMERY
On othyr halff, that wes worthy;
For in thair ſouerane bounté
Owtowr the lave affyit he.

Quhen the King, apon this kyn wiſs,
Had ordanyt, as Ik her deuiſs,
Hys bataills, and hys ſtering,
He raiſs arly in a mornyng,
And fra *Berwik* he tuk the way.
Bath hillis and walis helyt thai,
As the bataills, that war braid,
Departyt our the felds raid.
The ſon wes brycht, and ſchenand cler,
And armours that burnyſyt wer,
Sa blomyt with the ſonnys beme
That all the land wes in a leme.

Ver. 174. Sir Giles de Argentine, a foreign warrior of great fame, but unknown extract: probably of Flanders.

Ver. 184. June, 1314.

Baners

x Commended by Sr D. Dalrymple of Hailes memoirs V 2 p 43.

Baners rycht fayrly ſlawmand,
And penſeles to the wynd wawand,
Swa fele thar war off fer quentis,
That it war gret ſlycht to deuiſs,
And ſuld I tell all thair affer,
Thair cuntenance, and the maner,
Thouch I couth, I ſuld combryt be.
The King, with all that gret mengye,
Till *Edynburgh* he raid hym rycht.
Thai war all owt to fele to fycht
With few folk, off a ſymple land.
Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withſtand?

The King ROBERT, quhen he hard ſay
That *Inglis men* in ſic aray,
And into ſwa gret quanteté,
Come in hys land; in hy gert he
Hys men be ſumound generaly.
And thai come all, full wilfully,
To the *Torwood*, quhar that the KING
Had ordanyt to mak thair meting.

Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, the worthy,
Come with a full gret cumpany
Off gud men, armyt weill at rycht,
Hardy, and forſy for to fycht.
WALTRE STEWART off SCOTLAND ſyne,
That than wes bot a berdleſs hyne, v.v. 326

Ver. 193. Penſils are ſmall penons, with which the ſpears of knights were ornamented.

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Come with a rout off nobill men,
That men mycht be contynence ken.
The gud lord off DOWGLAS alſua
Broucht with hym men, Ik undreta,
That weile war uſyt in fechting;
Thai ſall the les haiff abayſing,
Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,
Awantage thai ſall tittar ſe,
For to ſtonay thair fayis mycht,
Than men that uſis not to fycht.
The Erle off MURREFF with hys men,
Arayit weille come alſua then,
Into gud cowine for to fycht,
And gret will for to manteyne thair mycht.
Owtakyn thair mony barownys,
And knychts that off gret renoune is,
Come, with thair men, full ſtalwartly.
Quhen thai war aſſemblyt halely,
Off fechtand men I trow thai war
THRETY THOUSAND, and ſome deill mar;
Forowtyn cariage, and pettaill,
That yemyt harnayis, and wittaill.

Our all the oſt then yeid the KING;
And beheld to thair contenyng,
And ſaw thaim off full fayr affer;
Off hardy cuntenance thai war,
Off liklynes the maſt cowart
Semyt full weill to do hys part.

The

The KING has ſene all thair hawing,
And knew hym weill into ſic thing,
And ſaw thaim all comfonnaly
Off ſic cuntenance, and ſa hardy,
Forowt effray or abayſing,
In hys hart had he gret liking.
And thoucht that men off ſa gret will,
Giff thai wald ſet thair will thartill,
Suld be full hard to wyn perfay.
And as he met thaim in the way,
He welcumyt thaim with glaidſum far,
Spekand gud words her and thar.
And thai that thair Lord ſa mekly
Saw welcum thaim, and ſa hamly,
Joyful thai war: and thoucht that thai
Aucht wele to put thaim till aſſay
Off hard fechtand, or ſtalwart ſtur,
For to maynteyne hys honour.

The worthy KING, quhen he has ſene
Hys oſt aſſemblyt all bedene;
And ſaw thaim willfull to fulfill
Hys liking, with gud hart and will;
And to maynteyne thair franchiſs;
He wes reioſyt mony wiſs.
And callyt all hys cunſaile priué,
And ſaid thaim, "Lords, now ye ſe
"That *Inglis men*, with mekill mycht,
"Has all diſponyt thaim for the fycht;

" For thai yone caſtell wald reſkew.
" Tharfor is gud we ordane now
" How we may let thaim off thair purpos;
" And ſwa to thaim the wayis cloſs,
" That thai paſs not, bot gret letting.
" We haiff her with us at bidding
" Weile threty thouſand men, and ma,
" Mak we four bataills off tha;
" And ordane us in ſic maner
" That when our fayis cummys ner,
" We to the *New Park* hald owr way.
" For thar behowys thaim nede a way,
" Bot giff that thai will beneuch us ga,
" And our the merraiſs paſſand ſwa,
" We ſall be at awantage thar.
" And methink that richt ſpedful war
" To gang on fute to this fechting,
" Armyt bot in litill armyng;
" For ſchuip we us on horſs to fycht,
" Sen our fayis ar mar off mycht,
" And better horſyt than ar we,
" We ſuld into gret perill be.
" And giff we fycht on fute perfay
" At awantage we ſall be ay.
" For in the park, amang the treys,
" The horſs men ar cumbryt alwayis.
" And the ſyks alſua, that ar thardoun,
" Sall put thaim to confuſioun."

Ver. 274. Stirling caſtle, within view.

All

All thai conſentyt till that ſaw.
And than, intill a litill thraw,
Thair four batails ordanyt thai.
And till the Erle THOMAS perfay
Thai gaiff the waward in leding;
For in his nobill gouerning,
And in hys hey chewalry,
Thai aſſoweryt rycht ſoueranly.
And, for to maynteyné hys baner,
Lords, that of gret worſchip wer,
War aſſygnyt, with thair mengyé,
Intill hys bataille for to be.
The tothyr bataile wes gevyn to led
Till hym, that douchty wes of deid,
And preſyt off hey chewalry,
That wes Schyr EDUUARD, the worthy.
I trow he ſall maynteyné it ſua
That, howſaeuir the gamyn ga,
Hys fayis to plenye ſall matre haf.
And ſyne the thred bataill thai gaff
Till WALTRE STEWART for to leid;
And to DOWGLAS douchty off deid.
Thai war coſyngs in ner degre,
Tharfor till hym betaucht wes he.
For he wes young, bot not forthy
I trow he ſall ſa manlily
Do hys deuour, and wirk ſa weill,
That hym ſall nede ne mar yeinſeill.
The ferd bataill the nobill KING
Tuk till hys awne gowerning.

v. 216. 5a pra.

And

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And had intill hys cumpany
The men of *Carrik* halely,
And off *Arghile*, and off *Kyntyr*,
And off the *Ilis*, quharoff was Syr
ANGUSS off *Ile* and *But*, all tha
He off the plane land had alsua,
Off armyt men a mekill rout:
Hys bataill ſtalwart wes and ſtout.
He ſaid the rerward he wald ma;
And ewyn byfor hym ſuld ga
The waward; and, on aythir hand,
The tothyr bataillis ſuld be gangand,
Beſid on ſid a litill ſpace:
And the KING, that behind thaim was,
Suld ſe quhar thar war maſt miſter,
And releve thar with hys baner.

The KING, thus, that wes wycht and wis,
And rycht awiſe at dewis,
Ordanyt hys men for the fychting
In gud aray, in allkyn thing.

And on the morn, on Settrday,
The KING hard hys diſcourours ſay
That *Inglis men*, with mekill mycht,
Had lyin at *Edinburgh* all nycht.

Ver. 333, 334. That is, he joined thoſe of Carrick, in whom he moſt confided, with thoſe in whom he truſted leaſt, that the former might check the later.

336. But seems only but for beside Tharfor,

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Tharfor, withowtyn mar delay,
He till the *New Park* held hys way,
With all that in hys leding war,
And in the park thaim herbyryt thar.

And in a plane feld, be the way,
Quhar he thoucht ned behowyd to gay away
The *Inglis men*, giff that thai wald
Throw the park to the caſtell hald,
He gert men mony potts ma,
Off a fute braid round; and all tha
War dep uptill a mannys kne;
Sa thik, that thai mycht lyknyt be
Till a wax kayme, that beis mais.
All that nycht trawailland he wais,
Swa that or day he hes maid
The potts, and thaim helyt haid
With ſtykks, and with gres all grene,
Swa that thai moucht not weill be ſene.

On Sonday than, in the mornyng,
Weile ſone eftre the ſone ryſyng,
Thai hard thair meſs commonnaly.
And mony thaim ſchraiff full devotly,
That thoucht to dey in that mellé,
Or than to mak thair cuntré fre.
To God, for thair rycht, prayit thai;
Thar deyt nane off thaim that day.

Ver. 377. Many *ſhrove*, or confeſſed their ſins to the prieſts.

Bot

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Bot for the vigil off Saint Ihane
Thai faſtyt water and breid ilkane.

The KING that, when the meſs wes done,
Went furth to ſe the potts ſone,
And at hys liking ſaw thaim mad.
On aythir ſyd, rycht weill braid,
It wis pittyt, as Ik haiff tauld.
Giff that thair fayis on horſs wald hald
Furth in that way, I trow thai ſall
Not weill eſchaip forowtyn a fall,
Throwout the oſt than gert he cry
That all ſuld arm thaim haſtily,
And buſk thaim on thair beſt maner;
And quhen thai aſſemblyt wer,
He gert aray thaim for the fycht.
And ſyne gert cry our all on hycht
That quha ſa euir he war, that fand
Hys hart not ſekyr for to ſtand,
To wyn all, or dey with honour,
For to manteyne that ſtalwart ſtour,
That he betyme ſuld hald hys way.
And nane ſuld duell with hym bot thai
That wald ſtand with hym to the end,
And tak the ure that God wald ſend.
Than all anſweryt with a cry,
And with a woce ſaid generaly,
That nane for dout off deid ſuld faile,
Quhill diſcomfyt war the gret bataile.

Quhen

Quhen the gud KING has hard hys men
Sa hardely hym anſuer then,
Sayand that nothyr dede, na dreid,
Till ſic diſcomfort ſuld thaim leid,
That thai ſuld eſkew the fechting,
In hart he had gret reioſing.
For hym thocht men off ſic cowyne,
Sa gud, and hardy, and ſa fyne,
Suld weill in bataill hald thair rycht,
Agayne men off full mekill mycht.

Syne all the ſmall folk, and ſpitall,
He ſend with harneyſs and with wictaill
Intill the park, weill fer hym fra;
And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga.
And as he bad thai went thair way,
Twenty thouſand weill her war thai.
Thai held thair way till a walé.
The KING left bot a clene mengye,
The quithyr thai war threty thouſand,
That I trow ſall ſtalwartly ſtand;
And do thair deuour as thai aw.
Thai ſtud thaim rangyt all on raw,
Redy for to giff hard bataill,
Giff ony folk wald thaim aſſaill.
The KING gert thaim all buſkyt be,
For he wyſt in certanté
That hys fayis all nycht lay
At the *Fawkyrk*; and ſyne that thai

Held

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Held towart hym the way all ſtraucht,
With mony men off mekill maucht.
Tharfor till hys newo bad he,
The Erle off MURREFF, with hys mengye,
Beſid the kyrk to kepe the way,
That na man paſs that gat away,
For to debate the caſtell.
And he ſaid himſelf ſuld weill
Kep the entré with hys bataill,
Giff that ony wald thar aſſaill.
And ſyne hys brodyr, Schyr EDUUARD,
And young WALTRE alſua STEWARD,
And the Lord off DOWGLAS alſua,
With thair mengye, gud tent ſuld ta,
Quhilk off thaim had of help miſter,
And help with thaim that with hym wer.

The KING ſend than JAMES off DOWGLAS,
And Schyr ROBERT the KEYTH, that than was
Mariſchell off all the oſt off fé,
The *Inglis mennys* comyng to ſe.
And thai lap on, and furth thai raid,
Weill horſyt men with thaim thai haid;
And ſone the gret oſt haiff thai ſene,
Quhar ſchelds ſchynand war ſa ſchene,
And baſſynetts burnyſt brycht,
That gave agayne the ſone gret lycht,
Thai ſaw ſa fele brawdyne baners,
Standars, and pennoways, and ſpers,

And

And ſa fele knychts apon ſteds,
All flawmand in thair weds;
And ſa fele batails, and ſa braid,
And tuk ſwa gret rowme as thai raid,
That the maiſt oſt, and the ſtouteſt,
Off Cryſtyndome, and the gretteſt,
Suld be abayſit for to ſe
Thair fayis into ſic quantité,
And ſwa arayit for to fycht.
Quhen thair diſcurriours has had ſycht
Off thair fayis, as I yow ſay,
Towart the KING thai tuk thair way,
And tauld hym, into priueté,
The multitud, and the beauté,
Off thair fayis, that come ſa braid,
And off the gret mycht that thai had.
Than the KING bad thaim thai ſuld ma
Na contenance that it war ſua,
Bot lat them into comowne ſay,
That thai come intill ewyll aray;
To comfort hys on that wyſs.
For oftſyſs throw a word may ryſs
Diſcomford, and tynſaill with all.
And throw a word, als weill may fall,
Comford may ryſs, and hardyment
May ger men do thair intent.
On the ſamyn wiſs it ded er.
Thair comford, and thair hardy cher,
Comford thaim ſa gretumly,
Off thair oſt, that the leyſt hardy

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Be contenance wald formaſt be
For to begyne the gret mellé.

Apon this wyſs the nobill KING
Gaiff all hys men recomforting,
Throw hardy contenance of cher,
That he maid on ſa gud maner.
Thaim thoucht that na myſcheiff mycht be
Sa gret with thi/ thai hym mycht ſe
Befor thaim, ſwa that thaim ſuld greve
That in hys worſchip ſuld thaim releve.
Hys worſchip comfort thaim ſwa,
And contenance that he gan ma,
That the maſt coward wes hardy.
On othyr halff, full ſturdely,
The *Inglis men* on ſic aray,
As ye haiff herd me forouth fay,
Come with thair bataille approchand,
The baners to the wynd wawand.

And quhen thai cummyn war ſa ner,
That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer,
Thai cheſyt a joly cumpany
Off men, that wycht wer and hardy,
On fayr courſers armyt at rycht.
Four lordys off mekill mycht
War capitanys off that route.
The Schyr the CLYFFURD, that wes ſtout,

Ver. 514. The day before the battle of Bannocburn, or 23d June, 1314.

Wes

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Wes off thaim all ſowerane leidar:
Aucht hundre armyt, I trow, thai war.
Thai war all young men, and joly,
Yarnand to do chewalry
Off beſt of ywill the oft war thai
Off contenance, and off aray:
Thai war the fayreſt cumpany
That men mycht fynd off ſa mony.

To the caſtell thai thoucht to far,
For giff that thai weill mycht cum thar,
Thai thoucht it ſuld reſkewyt be.
Furth on thair way held thys mengye,
And towart *Strewilline* held thair way.
The *New Park* all eſchewit thai,
For thai wyſt weill the KING was thar,
And newth the *New Park* gan thai far;
Weill newth the kyrk, intill a rout.
The Erle THOMAS, that wes ſa ſtout,
Quhen he ſaw thaim ſa ta the plane,
In gret hy went he thaim agayne,
With fyve hundre, forowtyn ma,
Anoyit in hys hart and wa,
That thai ſa fer war paſſyt by.
For the KING had ſaid hym rudely,
That "a roſe off hys chaplete
"Was fallyn;" for quhar he wes ſet

To

Ver. 526. Editions read:
The beſt of all the hoſt were they.

Ver. 547. That is a roſe of his chaplet, or wreath of flowers:

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To kep the way thaiſe men war paſt.
And tharfor he haſtyt hym ſa faſt,
That cummyn in ſchort tyme wes he
To the plane feld, with hys menye.
For he thoucht that he ſuld amend
That he treſpaſſit had, or than end.

And quhen the *Inglis men* hym ſaw
Cum on, forowtyn dyn or aw,
And tak ſa hardely the plane,
In hy thai ſped thaim hym agane;
And ſtrak with ſpurs the ſteds ſtyth,
That bar thaim ewyn hard and ſwyth.
And quhen the Erle ſaw that mengye
Cum ſa ſtoutly, to hys ſaid he,
" Be not abayſit for thair ſchor,
" Bot ſetts ſpers yow befor.
" And bak to bak for all your rout
" And all the ſpers poynts owt.
" Swa gate us beſt defend may we,
" Enweronyt with thaim giff we be."

And as he bad thaim thai haiff done:
And the tothyr come on alſone.
Befor thaim all come prykkand
A knycht, hardy of hart and hand,

ers: a proverbial metaphor. The Annaliſt, ii. 44, ſtrangely miſunderſtands the paſſage.

And

And a weile gret lord at hame,
Schyr GILYAME DE AMECOT wes hys name.
And prykkyt on thaim hardyly,
And thai met hym ſwa ſturdely,
That he and horſs wes borne doune,
And ſlayne rycht thar forowtyn ranſoun.
With *Inglis men* gretly wes he
Menyt that day, and hys bounté.
The lave come on rycht ſturdely,
Bot nane off thaim ſa hardely
Ruſchyt amang thaim, as did he.
Bot with fer mar maturyté,
Thai aſſemblyt all in a rout,
And enweround thaim all about,
Aſſailyand thaim on ilka ſid.
And thai with ſpers wownds wid
Gaff till the horſs, that cum thaim ner.
And thai that ridand on thaim wer,
That doune war borne, loſyt thair lyvis.
And othyr ſpers, darts, and knyffs,
And wapynnys on ſer maner,
Keſt amang thaim that fechtand wer;
That thaim defendyt ſwa wittily,
That thair fayis had gret ferly.
For ſum wald ſchout out off thair rout,
And off thaim that aſſailyt about,

Ver. 573. Editions ſay Sir William the Hawcourt. From the Annals, ii. 44, it appears that *Daynecourt* is the real name.

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Stekyt ſteds, and bar down men.
The *Inglis men* ſa rudly then
Keſt amang thaim ſuerds and maſs,
That ymyd thaim a monteyle was,
Off wapnys, that war warpyt thar.
The Erle and hys thus fechtand war
At gret myſcheyff, as I yow ſay.
For fewar, be full fer, war thai
Than thair fayis; and all about
War enweround: quhar mony rout
War roucht full diſpitouſly.
Thair fayis demanyt thaim full ſtarkly.
On ayther half thai war ſa ſtad,
For the rycht gret heyt that thai had,
For fechtyn, and for ſonnys het,
That all thair fleſs off ſwate was wete.
And ſic a ſtew raiſs out off thaim then,
Off ane ding bath off horſs and men,
And off powdyr; that ſic myrknes
Intill the ayr abowyne thaim wes,
That it wes wondre for to ſe.
Thai war in gret perplexité.
Bot with gret trawaill not forthy
Thai thaim defendyt manlily:
And ſet bath will, and ſtrenth and mycht,
To ruſche thair fayis in that fycht,
That thaim demanyt angyrly:
Bot giff God help thaim haſtily,

Ver. 616. *Powder* is *duſt*.

Thai

Thai ſall thair fill haiff off fechtyng.
Bot quhen the nobill renownyt KING,
With othyr Lords that war hym by,
Saw how the Erle abandonnly
Tuk the playne feld, JAMES off DOWGLAS
Come to the KING, rycht quhar he was,
And ſaid, " A Schyr! Sanct Mary!
" The Erle off MURREFF opynly
" Tayſs the playne feld, with hys menye.
" He is in perill but he be
" Sone helpyt; for hys fayis ar ma
" Than he, and horſyt weill alſua.
" And with your leve I will me ſpeid
" To help hym, for he has ned;
" All umbeweround with hys fayis is he."
The KING ſaid, ' Sa our Lord me ſe!
' A fute till him yow ſall not ga.
' Giff he weill dois, let hym weill ta.
' Quheyr euir hym happyn to wyn or loſs,
' I will not for hym brak purpos.'
" Certs," ſaid JAMES, " I ma na wiſs
" Se that hys fayis hym ſurpriſs,
" Quhen that I may ſet help thartill,
" With your leve ſekyrly I will
" Help hym, or dey into the payn."
' Do than, and ſpeid ye ſone agayn,'

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The KING ſaid. And he held hys way:
Giff he may cum in tyme perfay,
I trow he ſall hym help ſa weill,
That all hys fayis ſall it feill. 655

off

THE END OF BUKE XI.

THE

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE XII.

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ms. f. 40. a.

ARGUMENT.

The King of Scotland kills Schir HENRY DE BOHUN.—*The Erle of* MUREF *defeats the Inglis partie.*—*Kyng* ROBERT *avisis with his men*—*makis a lang speche to thaim.*—*Thai remain on armis all nicht.*—*Next day is the* BATTEL OF BANNOCBURN.—*The armies joyn in fecht.*—*Dedis of the Erle of* MUREF.

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE XII.

NOW DOWGLAS furth hys wayis tais;
And in that ſelff tyme fell, throw caiſs,
That the king off *Ingland*, quhen he
Wes cummyn with hys gret menye
Ner to the place, as I ſaid ar,
Quhar *Scotts men* arayit war,
He gert areſt all hys bataill.
And othyr alſua to tak conſaill,
Quhar thai wald herbery thaim that nycht;
Or than but mar ga to the fycht.

The waward, that wyſt na thing
Off this areſt, na hys duelling,
Raid to the *Park* all ſtraucht thair way,
Forowtyn ſtynting, in gud aray.

And quhen the KING wyſt that thai wer
In hale bataill, cummand ſa ner,

Hys

Hys bataill gert he weill aray.
He raid apon a litill palfray,
Laucht; and joly arayand
Hys bataill, with an ax in hand.
And on hys baſſinet he bar
An hat off tyre aboune ay quhar;
And tharapon, into taknyng,
Ane hey crown, that he wes king.

And quhen GLOSYSTER and HERFURD war,
With thair bataill, approachand ner,
Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
With helm on heid, and ſper in hand,
Schyr HENRY THE BOUNE, the worthy,
That wes a wycht knycht, and a hardy;
And to the Erle off HERFURD cuſyne;
Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
Come on a ſted, a bow-ſchote ner,
Befor all othyr that thar wer.
And knew the KING, for that he ſaw
Hym ſwa rang hys men on raw;
And by the crown, that wes ſet
Alſua apon hys baſſynet.
And towart hym he went in hy.
And the KING ſua apertly

Ver. 18. Editions read:
Himſelf rade on a gray palfray.
This palfrey, or little horſe, Robert only uſed in arraying his army, becauſe more manageable than a war-horſe.
Ver. 29. Sir Henry de Bohun.

Saw

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Saw hym com, forouth all hys fers,
In hy till hym the horſs he ſters.
And quhen Schyr HENRY ſaw the KING
Cum on, forowtyn abayſing,
Till hym he raid in full gret hy.
He thoȝcht that he ſuld weill lychtly
Wyn hym, and haf hym at hys will,
Sen he hym horſyt ſaw ſa ill.
Sprent thai ſamyn intill a ling.
Schyr HENRY myſſit the nobill KING.
And HE, that in hys ſterapys ſtud,
With the ax, that wes hard and gud,
With ſa gret mayn raucht hym a dynt,
That nothyr hat na helm mycht ſtynt
The hewy duſche, that he hym gave,
That neir the heid till the harnys clave.
The hand-ax ſchaft fruſchyt in twa;
And he doun to the erd gan ga
All flatlynys, for hym faillyt mycht.
This wes the fyrſt ſtrak off the fycht,
That wes performyſt douchtely.
And quhen the KING's men ſa ſtoutly
Saw hym, rycht at the fyrſt meting,
Forowtyn dout or abayſing,
Haiff ſlayne a knycht, ſa at a ſtrak,
Sic hardyment tharat gan thai tak,
That thai come on rycht hardely.
Quhen *Inglismen* ſaw thaim ſa ſtoutly

Ver. 49. They *ſprang* forward at once, in full and ſtrait career.

Cum

Cum on, thai had gret abayſing:
And ſpecially for that the KING
Sa ſmertly that gud knycht has ſlayne;
That thai withdrew thaim euirilkane;
And durſt not ane abyd to fycht:
Sa dreid thai for the KING's mycht.

And quhen the KING's men thaim ſa
Swa in hale bataill thaim withdraw,
Agret ſchout till thaim gan thai mak.
And thai in hy tuk all the bak;
And thai that folowit thaim has ſlane
Sum off thaim that thai haf ourtane.
Bot thai wer few, forſuth to ſay,
Thair horſs fete had all away.
Bot, how ſa quhoyne deyt thar,
Rebutyt foulily thai war;
And raid thair gait, with weill mar ſchame
Be full fer than thai come fra hame.

Quhen that the KING reparyt was,
That gert hys men all leve the chas,
The lords off hys cumpany
Blamyt hym, as thai durſt, gretumly,
That he hym put in awentur,
To mete ſa ſtyth a knycht, and ſtur,
In ſic poynt as he then wes ſene.
For thai ſaid weill, it mycht haiff bene
Cauſe off thair tynſaill euir ilkane.
The KING anſuer has maid thaim nane,

Bot

Bot menyt hys hand-ax ſchaft ſua
Wes with the ſtrak brokyn in twa.

The Erle THOMAS wes yeit fechtand
With fayis apon ayther hand,
And off thaim a quantité:
Bot wery wes hys men and he.
The quheyr with wapynys ſturdely
Thai thaim defendyt manlily;
Quhill that the DOWGLAS come ner,
That ſped hym on gret maner.
And *Ingliſmen*, that war fechtand,
Quhen thai the DOWGLAS ſaw nerhand
Thai wandyſt, and maid an opyning.
JAMES off DOWGLAS, be thair relyng,
Knew that thai war diſcomfyt ner:
Than bad thaim, that with hym wer,
Stand ſtill, and preſs na furthyr mar.
" For thai that yondre fechtand ar,"
He ſaid, " ar off ſa gret bounté,
" That thair fayis weill ſone ſall be
" Diſcomfyt, throw thair awne mycht,
" Thouch na man help thaim for to fycht.
" And come we now to the fechting,
" Quhen thai ar at diſcomfyting,
" Men ſuld ſay we thaim fruſchyt had;
" And ſwa ſuld thai, that cals has mad

Ver. 97. An unaffected ſtroke of heroiſm!

" With

" With gret trawaill and hard fechting,
" Loſs a part off thair lowing.
" And it war ſyne to leſs thair pryſs,
" That off ſa ſouerane bounté is;
" And he, throw plane and hard fechting,
" Has her eſchewyt unlikly thing.
" He ſall haff that he wonyn has."
The Erle with that, that fechtand was,
Quhen he hys fayis ſaw brawland ſua,
In hy apon thaim gan he ga:
And preſſyt hym ſa wondre faſt
With hard ſtrakys, quhill at the laſt
Thai fled that durſt abid na mar.
Bath horſs and men ſlane left thai thar;
And held thair way, in full gret hy,
Not altogyddyr bot ſyndryly.
And thai that war ourtane war ſlayn;
The lave went till thair oft agayn,
Off thair tynſaill ſary and wa.
The Erle, that had hym helpyn ſwa,
And hys als, that war wery,
Hynt off thair baſſynetts in hy,
Till awent thaim, for thai war wate,
Thai war all helyt into ſwate.
Thaim ſemyt men, forſuth Ik hycht,
That had fadyt thair force in fycht;
And ſwa did thai full douchtely.
Thai fand off all thair cumpany

Ver. 144, 145. They took off their helmets, to have freſh air.

That

That thar was bot a yuman ſlayne.
And lowyt God: and wes full fayne,
And blyth, that thai eſchapyt ſwa.
Towart the KING than gan thai ga.
And till hym weill ſone cummyn ar.
He wyttyt at thaim off thair far;
And gladſum cher to thaim mad,
For thai ſa weill thaim borne had.
Than all preſſyt into gret daynté
The Erle off MURREFF for to ſe;
For hys hey worſchip, and gret walour,
All yarnyt to do hym honour.
Sa faſt thai ran to ſe hym thar,
That ner all ſamyn aſſemblit ar.

And quhen the gud KING gan thaim ſe
Befor him ſwa aſſemblyt be;
Blyth and glad, that thair fayis war
Rabutyt apon ſic maner;
A litill quhill he held hym ſtill;
Syne on this wyſs he ſaid hys will.

Ver. 155, 156. The MS. by a miſtake ariſing from an omiſſion, in a tranſcript of two columns, being taken into the wrong column, here inſerts lines 169, 170.

A litill quhill he held hym ſtill;
Syne on this wyſs he ſaid hys will.

But they are quite foreign to this paſſage; and the editions rightly place them before the ſpeech of Robert.

"Lordings,

" Lordings, we aucht to love and luff
" Almychty God, that fitts abuff,
" That ſends us ſa fayr beginnyng.
" It is a gret diſcomforting
" Till our fayis, that on this wyſe
" Sa ſone has bene rabutyt twiſs.
" For quhen thai off thair oft fall her,
" And knaw ſuthly on quhat manner
" Thair waward, that wes ſa ſtout;
" And ſyne yone othyr joly rout,
" That I trow off the beſt men war,
" That thai mycht get amang thaim thar,
" War rabutyt ſa ſedanly;
" I trow, and knawis it full clerly,
" That mony a hart ſall wawerand be,
" That ſemyt er off gret bounté.
" And, fra the hart be diſcumfyt,
" The body is not worth a myt.
" Tharfor I trow that gud ending
" Sall folow till our begynnyng.
" And quheyr I ſay not this yow till,
" For that ye ſuld folow my will
" To fycht: bot in yow all ſall be.
" For giff yow thinks ſpeidfull that we
" Fecht; we ſall: and, giff ye will,
" We leve; your liking to fulfill.

Ver. 171. To *love* or *loſe* is to praiſe; *loſ*, *laus*. Belg. et Iſl. To *luff* is to *love*.

Ver. 193. That is, 'but all this ſhall be as you chuſe.'

191. The quheyr " I ſall

" I ſall conſent, on all kyn wyſs,
" To do, rycht as ye will dewyſs.
" Tharfor ſayis off your will planly."
And with a woce than gan thai cry:
' Gud KING! forowtyn mar delay,
' To morne alſone as ye ſe day,
' Ordane yow hale for the bataill;
' For doute of dede we ſall not faill.
' Na na payn ſall refuſyt be,
' Quhill we haiff maid our cuntré fre!'

Quhen the KING had hard ſa manlily
Thai ſpak to fechting, and ſa hardely,
In hart gret glaidſchaip gan he ta.
And ſaid, " Lordings, ſen ye will ſua,
" Schaip we us tharfor in the mornyng,
" Swa that we, be the ſone ryſing,
" Haff herd meſs; and buſkyt weill
" Ilk man intill hys awn eſchell,
" Without the pailyownys, arayit
" In bataillis, with baners diſplayit.
" And luk ye na wyſs brek aray.
" And, as ye luff me, I yow pray
" That ilk man for hys awne honour,
" Purway hym a gud baneour.
" And, quhen it cumys to the fycht,
" Ilk man ſet hart, will, and mycht,

Ver. 210. This long ſpeech of the king's is far from being void of martial eloquence, and peculiarly adapted to the time, and to the hearers.

201. and the King

" To ſtynt our fayis' mekill prid.
" On horſs thai will arayit rid;
" And cum on yow in full gret hy.
" Mete thaim with ſpers hardely.
" And think than on the mekill ill,
" That thai and thairs has done us till;
" And ar in will yeit for to do,
" Giff thai haſs mycht to cum tharto.
" And certs me think weill that ye
" Forowt abayſing aucht to be
" Worthy, and off gret waſſelags.
" For we haiff thre gret awantags.
" The fyrſt is, that we haiff the rycht;
" And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
" The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,
" For lyppynnyng off thair gret powar,
" To ſek us in our awne land;
" And has broucht her, rycht till our hand,
" Ryches into ſa gret quantité,
" That the powereſt off yow ſall be
" Bath ryche, and mychty tharwithall,
" Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
" The thred is, that we for our lyvys,
" And for our childre, and for our wywis,
" And for owr fredome, and for our land,
" As ſtrenyeit into batalll ſtand.
" And thai, for thair mycht anerly,
" And for thai lat off us leychtly,
" And for thai wald deſtroy us all,
" Maiſs thaim to fycht: bot yeit may fall

" That

" That thai ſall rew thair barganyng.
" And certs I warne yow off a thing
" That happyn thaim, as God forbed
" That deyt on roid for mankyn heid!
" That thai wyn us opynly,
" Thai ſall off us haf na mercy.
" And, ſen we knaw thair feloun will,
" Methink it ſuld accord to ſkill,
" To ſet ſtoutnes agayne felony;
" And mak ſa gat a juperty.
" Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,
" That with all your mycht, that you may,
" Ye preſs yow at the beguining, *Thai*
" Bot cowardyſs or abayſing,
" To mete thaim at thair fyrſt aſſemble
" Sa ſtoutly that the hennaiſt tremble.
" And menys off your gret manheid,
" Your worſchip, and your douchty deid;
" And off the joy that we abid,
" Giff that us fall, as weill may tid,
" Hap to wencuſs this gret bataill.
" In your handys without fayle
" Ye ber honour, price, and riches;
" Fredome, welth, and blythnes;
" Giff ye contene ye manlily.
" And the contrar all halyly
" Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardyſs
" And wykkytnes yow ſuppriſs.
" Ye mycht haf lewyt into threldome.
" Bot, for ye yarnyt till haff fredome,

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" Ye ar aſſemblyt her with me.
" Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
" Worthy and wycht, but abayſing.
" And I warne yow weill off a thing;
" That mar meyſcheiff may fall us nane,
" Than in thair handys to be tane:
" For thai ſuld ſlaw us I wate weill
" Rycht as thai did my brothyr NELE.
" Bot quhen I mene off your ſtoutnes,
" And off the mony gret prowes,
" That ye haf doyne ſa worthely;
" I traiſt, and trowis ſekyrly,
" To have plane victour in this fycht.
" For thouch our fayis haff mekill mycht,
" Thai haf the wrang, and ſuccudry,
" And cowartyſs of ſenyowry,
" Amowys thaim forowtyn mor.
" Na us thar dreid thaim, bot befor;
" For ſtrenth off this place, as ye ſe,
" Sall let us enweronyt to be.
" And I pray yow als ſpecially,
" Bath mar and les commonaly,
" That nane off yow for gredynes
" Haff ey to tak off thair ryches;
" Na priſoners for to ta;
" Quhill ye ſe thaim contreryt ſa,

Ver. 300. That is, 'Nor can we have any cauſe to apprehend their attacking us, but in front:' the ground was ſo well choſen.

" That

" That the feld anerly yowrs be.
" And than, at your liking, may ye
" Tak all the ryches that thar is.
" Giff ye will wyrk apon this wyfs,
" Ye fall haiff wictour fekyrly.
" I wate not quhat mar fay fall I.
" Bot all wate ye quhat honour is;
" Contene thaim on fic awifs,
" That your honour ay favyt be.
" And Ik hycht her in leauté,
" Giff ony deys in this bataille,
" Hys ayr, but ward, releff, or taile,
" On the fyrft day fall weld;
" All be he neuir fa young off eld.
" Now makys yow redy for to fycht.
" God help us, that is maift off mycht!
" I rede armyt all nycht that we be,
" Purwayit in bataill fwa, that we
" To mete our fayis ay be boune."
Than anfueryt thai all, with a foune,
' As ye dewifs all fall be done.'
Than till thair innys went thai fone;
And ordanyt thaim for the fechting,
Syne aflemblyt in the ewynyng,
And fwa gat all the nycht bad thai,
Till on the morn that it wes day.

Quhen the CLYFFURD, as I faid ar,
And all hys rout, rabutyt war;

And thair gret waward alſua,
War diſtrenyeit the bak to ta;
And thai had tauld thair rebuting,
Thai off the waward, how the KING
Slew at a ſtrak, ſa apertly,
A knycht, that wycht wes and hardy;
And how all hale the KING's bataill
Schup thaim rycht ſtoutly till aſſaill;
And Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE alſua;
Quhen thai all hale the bak gan ta:
And how thai left off thair men.
And CLYFFURD had tauld alſua then,
How THOMAS RANDALL tuk the plane,
With a few folk; and how wes ſlane
Schyr GILYAME DAINECOURT the worthy.
And how the Erle faucht manly,
That, as ane hyrchoune, all hys rout
Gert ſet owt ſpers all about;
And how that thai war put agayne,
And part off thair gud men ſlayne.
The *Inglis* ſik abayſing
Tuk, and ſik dreid off that tithyng,
That in fyve hundre plaes and ma
Men mycht ſe ſamyn routand ga;
Sayand, "Our lords, for thair mycht,
"Will allgate fycht agane the rycht.
"Bot quhaſa werrayis wrangwyſly,
"Thai fend God all to gretumly.
"And thaim mycht happyn to myſfall.
"And ſwa may tid that her we fall."

And

And quhen thair lordys had perſawing
Off diſcumfort, and rownnyng,
That thai held ſamyn twa and twa;
Throw out the oſt than gart thai ga
Heralds, to mak a crye,
That nane diſcomfort ſuld be;
For in punye is oft happyne
Quhile for to wyn, and quhill to tyne,
And that into the gret bataille,
That apon na maner may faill,
Bot giff the *Scotts* fley thair way,
Sall all amendyt be perfay.
Tharfor thai monyſt thaim to be
Off gret worſchip, and off bounté;
And ſtoutly in the bataill ſtand,
And tak amendys at thair hand.

Thai may weill monyſs as thai will:
And thai may hecht als to fulfill,
With ſtalwart hart, thair bidding all.
Bot not forthy I trow thai ſall
Untill thair harts dredand be.
The King, with hys cunſaill priué,
Has tane to rede, that he wald noucht
Fecht or the morne, that he war ſoucht.
Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht
Doune in the *Kers*. And gert all dycht,
And maid redy thair apparaill
Agayne the morne, for the bataill.

And, for in the *Kers* pulis war,
Houſſis thai brak, and thak bar,
To mak bryggs, quhar thai mycht paſs.
And ſum ſayis yeit the folk that was
In the caſtell quhen nycht gan fall,
For that thai knew the meyſcheiff all,
Thai went full ner all that thai war,
And durs and wyndowis with thaim bar;
Swa that thai had, befor the day,
Briggit the puls; ſwa that thai
War paſſyt our ilkane all hale,
Arayit intill thair apparaill.

The *Scottſmen*, quhen it wes day,
Thair mes devotly gert thai ſay.
Syne tuk a ſop: and maid thaim yar.
And quhen thai all aſſemblyt war;
And in thair bataillis all purwayit,
With thair braid baners all diſplayit,
Thai maid knychts; as it affers
To men that uſys thais myſters.
The KING maid WALTRE STEWART knycht;
And JAMES off DOWGLAS, that wes wycht:
And othyrs als off gret bounté
He maid, ilk ane in thair degre.

Ver. 395. *Pulis* are *pools*.

Ver. 407. The day of the battle of Bannocburn, 24th June, 1314. A plan of this battel may be found in Nimmo's hiſtory of Stirlingſhire.

Ver. 409. A ſop is a ſlight meal, probably of Scotiſh potage, oat-meal and water boiled.

Quhen

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Quhen this wes doyne, that I yow ſay,
Thai went all furth in gud aray:
And tuk the plane full apertly.
Mony gud man, wycht and hardy,
That war fulfillyt off gret bounté,
Intill thaire routs men mycht ſe.

The *Inglis men*, on othyr party,
That as angelis ſchane brychtly,
War not arayit on ſic maner:
For all thair batailis ſamyn wer
In a ſchilthrum. Bot quheythir it was
Throw the gret ſtretnes off the place
That thai war in, to bid fechting;
Or that it wes for abayſing;
I wate not. But in a ſchéltrum
It ſemyt thai war all and ſum;
Owtane the awaward anerly,
That rycht with a gret cumpany,
Be thaim ſelwyn, arayit war.
Quha had bene by mycht haff ſene thar
That folk ourtak a mekill feld
On breid; quhar mony a ſchynand ſcheld,
And mony a burnyſt brycht armur,
And mony man off gret walur,
Mycht in that gret ſchéltrum be ſene;
And mony a brycht baner and ſchene.

Ver. 429. From Hearne's Robert of Glouceſter it appears that a *ſhiltrum* is an hoſt ranged in a round form.

And

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And quhen the King off *Ingland*
Saw the *Scotts* ſa tak on hand,
Takand the hard feld opynly,
And apon fute, he had ferly;
And ſaid, "Quhat! will yone *Scotts* fycht?"
'Ya ſekyrly!' ſaid a knycht,
(Schyr INGRAME the UMPHRAWILL hat he,
And ſaid) 'Forſuth now, Schyr, I ſe,
'It is the maſt ferlyfull fycht
'That euir I ſaw, quhen for to fycht
'The *Scotts men* haff tane on hand:
'Agayne the mycht off *Ingland*,
'In plane hard feld, to giff bataill.
'Bot, an ye will trow my cunſaill,
'Yow ſall diſcomfyt thaim lychtly.
'Withdrawis yow hyne ſedanly,
'With bataillis, and with penownys,
'[Quhyle that we pas owr paliounys;]
'And ye ſall ſe alſone that thai,
'Magre thair lordys, ſall brak aray,
'And ſcaile thaim our harnayis to ta.
'And, quhen we ſee thaim ſcailyt ſua,
'Prik we than on thaim hardely,
'And we ſall haff thaim weill lychtly.
'For than ſall nane be knyt to fycht,
'That may withſtand your mekill mycht.'
"I will not," ſaid the King, "perfay,
"Do ſa: for thar ſall na man ſay

N.B. Ver. 462. Wanting in MS. no.

"That

" That I ſall eſchew the bataill,
" Na withdraw me for ſic rangaile."

Quhen this wes ſaid, that er ſaid I,
The *Scotts men* commonnaly
Knelyt all doun, to God to pray.
And a ſchort prayer thar maid thai
To God, to help thaim in that fycht.
And quhen the *Inglis* King had ſycht
Off thaim kneland, he ſaid in hy,
" Yone folk knele to aſk mercy."
Schyr INGRAHAME ſaid, ' Ye ſay ſuth now.
' Thai aſk mercy: but nane at yow.
' For thair treſpas to God thai cry.
' I tell yow a thing ſykyrly,
' That yone men will all wyn or de.
' For doute off dede thai ſall not fle."
" Now be it ſa than!" ſaid the King.
And than, but langar delaying,
Thai gert trump till the aſſemblé.
On aythir ſid men mycht than ſe
Mony a wycht man, and worthy,
Redy to do chewalry.

Thus war thai boune on aythir ſid.
And *Ingliſmen*, with mekill prid,
That war intill thair awaward,
To the bataill that Schyr EDUUARD
Gouernyt and led, held ſtraucht thair way.
The horſs with ſpurs hardynyt thai;
And prykkyt apon thaim ſturdely;
And thai met thaim rycht hardyly.

Swa

Swa that, at thair aſſemble thar,
Sik a fruſching off ſpers war,
That fer away men mycht it her,
That at that meting forowtyn wer,
War ſteds ſtykyt mony ane;
And mony a gud man borne doune and ſlane;
And mony hardy men, and douchty,
Wes thar eſchewyt for hardely.
Thai dang on othyr with wapnys ſer.
Sum off the horſs, that ſtekyt wer,
Ruſchyt, and relyt rycht rudlye.
Bot the remanand not forthy,
That mycht come to the aſſembling,
For that let maid na ſtynting.
Bot aſſemblyt full hardely;
And thai met thaim full ſturdyly,
With ſpers that war ſcharp to ſcher,
And axys that weill groundyn wer;
Quharwith wes roucht mony a rout.
The fechting wes thar ſa fele and ſtout,
That mony a worthy man, and wycht,
Throw forſs wes fellyt in that fycht,
That had na mycht to ryſs agane.
The *Scottsmen* faſt gan thaim payne.
Thair fayis mekill mycht to fruſch,
I trow thai ſall na payn refuſe,
Na perill, quhill thair fayis be
Set in weill hard perplexité.
And quhen the Erle off MURREFF ſwa
Thair waward ſaw, ſa ſtoutly, ga
The way to Schyr EDUUARD all ſtraucht,
That met thaim with full mekill maucht;

He

508 doun not in MS.

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He held hys way, with hys baner,
To the gret rout quhar ſamyn wer
The nyne bataills, that war ſa braid;
That ſa fele baners with thaim haid,
And off men ſwa gret quantité,
That it war wondre for to ſe.

The gud Erle thyddyr tuk the way
With hys bataill, in gud aray.
And aſſemblyt ſa hardely,
That men mycht her, that had bene by,
A gret fruſch off the ſpers that braſt:
For thair fayis aſſemblit faſt,
That on ſteds, with mekill prid,
Come prikkand, as thai wald ourrid
The Erle, and all hys cumpany.
Bot thai met thaim ſa ſturdely,
That mony off thaim till erd thai bar.
For mony a ſted wes ſtekyt thar;
And mony gud man fellyt undre fet,
That had na hap to ryſs up yete,
Thar mycht men ſe a hard bataill,
And ſum defende, and ſum aſſaile;
And mony a reale romble rid
Be roucht, thar apon aythir ſid;
Quhill throw the byrnyſs bryſt the blud,
That till erd doune ſtremand yhude.
The Erle off MURREFF, and hys men,
Sa ſtoutly thaim contenyt then,
That thai wan place, ay mar and mar,
On thair fayis; quheyr thai war

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Ay ten for ane, or mar, perfay;
Swa that it ſemyt weill that thai
War tynt, amang ſa gret menye,
As thai war plungyt in the ſe.
And quhen the *Inglis men* has ſene
The Erle, and all hys men, bedene
Faucht ſa ſtoutly, but effraying,
Rycht as thai had nane abayſing;
Thaim preſſyt thai with all thair mycht.
And thai, with ſpers and ſuerds brycht,
And axis that rycht ſcharply ſchar,
Ymydds the weſage, met thaim thar.
Thar mycht men ſe a ſtalwart ſtour;
And mony men off gret valour,
With ſpers, maſes, and knyffs,
And othyr wapynys, wyſſyllyt thair lyvis:
Swa that mony fell doune all dede.
The greyſs woux with the blud all reid.
The Erle, that wycht wes and worthy,
And hys men, faucht ſa manlily,
That quhaſa had ſene thaim that day,
I trow forſuth that thai ſuld ſay
That thai ſuld do thair dewor wele,
Swa that thair fayis ſuld it fele.

THE END OF BUKE XII.

THE

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE XIII.

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ms. f. 43. a

ARGUMENT.

BATTEL OF BANNOCBURN CONTINUIT.—*Dedis of* STUART *and* DOUGLAS.—*Rage of the fecht.—The Scotyſh ſwayns appear in array —The Inglis flee.—Deth of Schyr* GILES DE ARGYNTYNE.—DOUGLAS *perſews the Inglis King.—The Erle of* HEREFURD *is ſavit in Bothwel caſtel.—Gret riches of the Inglis camp.—Eſcape of the Inglis King.—Bothwell takin; and the Erle of* HEREFURD *exchanged for the Quein, and her daughter.—Kyng* ROBERT *ravagis Northumerland.*

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE XIII.

QUHEN thir twa fyrſt batailis wer
Aſſemblyt, as I ſaid yow er,
The STEWART, WALTRE that then[a] was,
And the gud Lord als off DOWGLAS,
In a batail, quhen that thai ſaw
The Erle, forowtyn dreid or aw,
Aſſembill with hys cumpany
On all that folk ſa ſturdely,
For till help thaim thai held thair way.
And thair bataill, in gud aray,
Thai aſſemblyt ſa hardyly
Beſid the Erle, a littill by,
That thair fayis feld thair cumyn weill.
For with wapynys ſtalwart of ſtele
Thai dang apon, with all thair mycht.
Thair fayis reſawyt wele, Ik hycht,
With ſwerds, ſpers, and with maſe.
The batail thair ſa feloun was,
And ſwa rycht gret ſpilling of blud,
That on the erd the ſlouſſis ſtud.

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The *Scottsmen* ſa weill thaim bar,
And ſwa gret ſlauchter maid thai thar,
And fra ſa fele the lyvis rewyt,
That all the feld bludy wes lewyt.

That tyme thir thre batailles wer,
All ſid be ſyd, fechtand weill ner,
Thar mycht men her mony dint,
And wapynys apon armurs ſtynt.
And ſe tumble knychts, and ſteds,
And mony rych and reale weds
Defoullyt foully undre fete.
Sum held on loft; ſum tynt the ſnet.
A lang quhill thus fechtand thai war;
That men na noyis mycht her thar,
Men hard noucht, but granys; and dynts
That flew fyr, as men ſlayis on ſlynts.
Thai faucht ilkane ſa egrely,
That thai maid na noyis na cry,
Bot dang on othyr at thair mycht,
With wapnys that war burnyſt brycht.
The arowys alſua thyk thar flaw,
That thai mycht ſay weill, that thaim ſaw,
That thai a hydwyſs ſchot gan ma:
For quhar thai fell, Ik undreta,
Thai left, eftre thaim, taknyng
That ſall ned, as I trow, leching.

The *Inglis* archers ſchot ſa faſt,
That mycht thair ſchot haff ony laſt,

It

36. ſlew — ſlayis

It had bene hard to *Scottſmen*.
Bot King ROBERT, that wele gan ken,
That thair archers war perallouſs,
And thair ſchot rycht hard and grewouſs,
Ordanyt, forowth the aſſemblé
Hys marſchell, with a gret menye,
Fyve hundre armyt into ſtele,
That on lycht horſs war horſyt weille,
For to pryk amang the archers;
And ſwa aſſaile thaim with thair ſpers,
That thai na layſer haiff till ſchute.
This mariſchell that Ik of mute,
That Schyr ROBERT off KEYTH was cauld,
As Ik befor her has yow tauld,
Quhen he ſaw the batailis ſwa
Aſſembill, and togyddir ga,
And ſaw the archers ſchoyt ſtoutly;
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
In hy apon thaim gan he rid.
And ourtuk thaim at a fid;
And ruſchyt amang thaim ſa rudly,
Stekand thaim ſa diſpitouſly,
And in ſic fuſown berand doune,
And ſlayand thaim, forowtyn ranſoun;
That thai thaim ſcalyt cuirilkane.
And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane
That aſſemblyt ſchot to ma.
Quhen *Scotts* archers ſaw that thai ſua
War rebutyt, thai woux hardy,
And with all thair mycht ſchot egrely

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Amang the horſs-men, that thair raid;
And wounds wyd to thaim thai maid:
And ſlew off thaim a full gret dele.
Thai bar thaim hardely and wele.
For fra thair fayis archers war
Scalit, as I ſaid till yow ar,
That ma na thai wer, be gret thing,
Swa that thai dreid not thair ſchoting;
Thai woux ſa hardy, that thaim thoucht
Thai ſuld ſet all thair fayis at nought.

The merſchell, and hys cumpany,
Was yheit, as to yow er ſaid I,
Amang the archers, quhar thai maid
With ſpers rowme, quhar that thai raid;
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourta.
And thai weill lychtly mycht do ſua:
For thai had nought a ſtrak to ſtynt,
Na for till hald agayne a dynt.
And agayne armyt men to fycht
May nakyt men haiff litill mycht.
Thai ſcalyt thaim on ſic maner,
That ſum to thair gret bataill wer
Withdrawyn thaim, in full gret hy;
And ſum war fled all utrely.

Bot the folk that behind thaim was,
That for thair awne folk had na ſpace,

Ver. 85. That is, 'that were more (numerous) than they (the Scotiſh archers).'

Yheyt

Yheyt to cum to the aſſembling,
On agayne ſmertly gan thai ding.
The archers that thai met fleand,
That then war maid ſa recreand,
That thair harts war tynt elenly,
I trow thai ſall not ſchute gretly.
The *Scotts men* with ſchote, that day.
And the gud KING ROBERT, that ay
Was fellyt off full gret bounté,
Saw how that hys bataills thre
Sa hardely aſſemblyt thar,
And ſa weill in the fycht thai bar;
And ſwa faſt on thair fayis gan ding,
That hym thoucht nane had abayſing;
And how the archers war ſcalyt then;
He wes all blyth. And till hys men
Heſ aid, " Lordings, now luk that ye
" Worthy, and off gud cowyne be,
" At thys aſſemble, and hardy.
" And aſſembill ſa ſturdely
" That nathing may befor yow ſtand.
" Our men ar ſa freſchly fechtand
" That thai thair fayis has grathyt ſua,
" That be thai preſſyt, Ik undreta,
" A litill fayſter, ye ſall ſe
" That thai diſcomfyt ſone ſall be."

Quhen

Ver. 130. Editions add fourteen lines.

Now go we on them ſo hardily,
And ding on them ſo doughtily,

Quhen this wes ſaid, thai held thair way,
And on ane feld aſſemblyt thai
Sa ſtoutly, that at thair cummyng
Thair fayis war ruſchyt a gret thing.
Thar mycht men ſe men felly fycht;
And men, that worthy war and wycht,
Do mony worthy waſſellage.
Thai faucht, as thai war in a rage.
For quhen the *Scotts* archery
Saw thair fayis ſa ſturdely
Stand into bataill, thaim agayne;
With all thair mycht, and all thair mayne,
Thai layid on, as men out off wyt.
And quhar thai, with full ſtrak, mycht hyt,
Thar mycht na armur ſtynt thair ſtrak.
Thai to fruchyt that thai mycht ourtak.

That they may feil at our coming
That we them hate in meikle thing.
For great cauſe they have us made,
That occupied our lands brade;
And put all to ſubjection.
Your goods they made all theirs common,
Our kin and friends, for thair awn,
Diſpiteouſly hanged and drawn:
And would deſtroy us, if they might.
But I trow God, through his foreſight,
This day has granted us his grace
To wrek us on thaim in this place.

They are certainly better out: and it is ſuſpected that the author had at firſt inſerted them, but upon an after reviſion, perceiving the ſpeech too long for the occaſion, had cancelled them, as they are not in the MS.

And

And with axys ſuch duſches gave,
That thai helmys, and heds, clave.
And thair fayis rycht hardely
Met thaim, and dang on thaim douchtely,
With wapynys that war ſtyth off ſtele.
Thar wes the batáill ſtrekyt weill.
Sa gret dyn thar wes off dynts,
As wapynys apon armur ſtynts;
And off ſpers ſa gret breſting;
And ſic thrang, and ſic thryſting;
Sic gyrnyng, granyng; and ſa gret
A noyis, as thai gan othyr beit:
And enſenyeys on ilka ſid:
Gewand, and takand, wownds wid:
That it wes hidwyſs for to her.
All four thair batailles with that wer
Fechtand, in a frount halyly.
A mychty God! how douchtely
Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE, and hys men,
Amang thair fayis contenyt thaim then!
Fechtand in ſa gud cowyne,
Sa hardy, worthy, and ſa fyne,
That thair waward ruſchyt was;
And, maugre thairis, left all the place:
And till thair gret rout, to warand,
Thai went; that tane had apon hand
Sa gret anoy, that thai war effrayit,
For *Scotts*, that thaim hard aſſaiȳt;
That than war in a ſchiltrum all.
Quha hapnyt into that fycht to fall,

170. left the hall

I trow agayne he ſuld not ryſs.
Thar mycht men ſe, on mony wyſs,
Hardements eſchewit douchtely:
And mony, that wycht war and hardy,
Sone liand undre fete all dede;
Quhar all the feld off blud wes rede.
Armys, and quhytyſs, that thai bar,
With blud wes ſa defoulyt thar,
That thai mycht not deſcryſit be.
A mychty God! quha then mycht ſe
That STEWART, WALTRE, and hys rout,
And the gud DOWGLAS, that wes ſa ſtout,
Fechtand into that ſtalwart ſtour;
He ſuld ſay that till all honour
Thai war worthy, that, in that fycht,
Sa faſt preſſyt thair fayis mycht,
That thaim ruſchyt quhar thai yeid.
Thar men mycht ſe mony a ſteid
Fleand on ſtray, that lord had nane.
A Lord! quha then gud tent had tane
Till the gud Erle off MURREFF,
And hys, that ſa gret routs geff,
And faucht ſa faſt in that bataill,
Tholand ſic paynys, and trawaill,
That thai and thairs maid ſic debat,
That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.

Ver. 183. *Quhytys* are *coats*: the word is disfigured by an odd orthography.

Thar

Thar mycht men her enſeynyeis cry:
And *Scotts* men cry hardely,
"On thaim! On thaim! On thaim! Thai faile!"
With that ſa hard thai gan aſſaile,
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourta.
And the *Scotts* archers alſua
Schot amang thaim ſa deleuerly,
Engrewand thaim ſa gretumly,
That quhat for thaim, that with thaim faucht,
That ſwa gret rowts to thaim raucht,
And preſſyt thaim full egrely;
And quhat for arowis, that fell oftly
Mony gret wounds gan thaim ma,
And ſlew faſt off thair horſs alſua;
That thai wandyſt a litill wei.
Thai dreid ſa gretly than to dey,
That thair cowyn wes wer and wer:
For thai, that fechtand with thaim wer,
Set hardement, and ſtrenth, and will,
And hart, and corage als, thartill;
And all thair mayne, and all thair mycht,
To put thaim fully to the flycht.

In this tyme, that I tell off her,
At that bataill, on this maner,
Wes ſtrykyn, on ayther party
That war fechtand enforcely;
Yomen, and ſwanys, and pitaill,
That in the *Park* yemyt wictaill,

War

War left; quhen thai wyst but leſing
That thair lords with full fychtyng
On thair fayis aſſemblyt war;
Ane off thair ſelwyn that war thar
Capitane off thaim all thai maid.
And ſchets, that war ſum dele braid,
Thai feſtnyt inſteid off baners,
Apon lang treys and ſpers.
And ſaid that thai wald ſe the fycht;
And help thair lords at thair mycht.
Quhen her till all aſſentyt wer,
In a rout aſſemblit er,
Fyften thowſand thai war, or ma,
And than in gret hy gan thai ga,
With thair baners, all in a rout,
As thai had men bene ſtyth and ſtout.
Thai come, with all that aſſemblé,
Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill ſe;
Than all at anys thai gave a cry,
"Sla! ſla! Apon thaim haſtily!"
And tharwith all cummand war thai:
Bot thai war wele fer yete away.
And *Inglis men*, that ruſchyt war
Throw forſs off fycht, as I ſaid ar,
Quhen thai ſaw cummand, with ſic a cry,
Towart thaim ſic a cumpany,
That thaim thoucht weill als mony war,
As that wes fechtand with thaim thar;
And thai befor had not thaim ſene;
Than wit ye weill, withowtyn wene,

Thai

Thai war abayſit ſa gretumly,
That the beſt and the maiſt hardy,
That war intill thair oſt that day,
Wald with thair menſk haf bene away.

The King ROBERT, be thair relying,
Saw thai war ner at diſcomfiting,
And hys enſenye gan hely cry.
Than, with thaim off hys cumpany,
Hys fayis he preſſyt ſa faſt that day,
Thai wer intill ſa gret effray,
That thai left place, ay mar and mar.
For all the *Scottſmen* that thar war,
Quhen thai ſaw thaim eſchew the fycht,
Dang on thaim with all thair mycht,
That thai ſcalyt thaim in troplys ſer;
And till diſcomfitur war ner.
And ſum off thaim fled all planly.
Bot thai, that wycht war and hardy,
That ſchame lettyt to ta the flycht,
At gret myſcheiff mantenyt the fycht;
And ſtythly in the ſtour gan ſtand.
And quhen the King off *Ingland*
Saw hys men fley, in ſyndry place,
And ſaw hys fayis rout, that was
Worthyn ſa wycht, and ſa hardy,
That all hys folk war halyly
Sa ſtonayit, that thai had na mycht
To ſtynt thair fayis in the fycht;

He

271. thai not in 1915.

He wes abayſit ſa gretumly,
That he, and hys cumpany,
Fyve hundre, armyt all at rycht,
Intill a fruſch all tok the flycht;
And to the caſtell held thair way.
And yheit haiff lk hard ſom men ſay,
That off WALLENCE Schyr AYMER,
When he the feld ſaw wencuſſyt nar,
Be the reyngye led away the King,
Agayne hys will, fra the fechting.
And quhen Schyr GYLIS the ARGENTE'
Saw the King thus, and hys menye,
Schap thaim to fley ſa ſpedely,
He come rycht to the King in hy,
And ſaid, "Schyr, ſen it is ſua
"That ye thus gat your gat will ga,
"Hawys, gud day! For agayne will I,
"Yheit fled I neuir ſekyrly.
"And I cheyſs her to bid, and dey;
"Than for to lyve ſchamly, and fley."

Hys brydill, but mar abad,
He turnyt; and agayne he rad.
And on EDUUARD the BRUYSS' rout,
That wes ſa ſturdy, and ſa ſtout,
As dred off na kyn thing had he,
He prikyt; cryand, "The ARGENTE'!"
And thai with ſpers ſwa hym met,
And ſwa fele ſpers on hym ſet,

That

305. for auez - Hawys.

That he and horſs war chargyt ſwa,
That bathe till the erd gan ga.
And in that place thar ſlayn wes he.
Off hys deid wes rycht gret pité.
He wes the thrid beſt Knycht, perfay,
That men wyſt lewand in hys day.
He ded mony a fayr journy.
On *Saryſynys* thre derenyeys faucht he:
And, intill ilk derenye off tha,
He wencuſſyt *Saryſynys* twa.

Hys gret worſchip tuk thar ending.
And fra Schyr AYMER with the King
Wes fled, wes nane that durſt abid;
Bot fled ſcalyt on ilka ſid.
And thair fayis thaim preſſyt faſt.
Thai war, to ſay ſuth, ſwa agaſt,
And fled ſa faſt, rycht effrayitly,
That off thaim a full gret party
Fled to the watre off *Forth*; and thar
The maiſt part off thaim drownyt war.
And *Bannok burne*, betwix the brays,
Off men, off horſs, ſwa ſtekyt wais,
That, apon drownyt horſs, and men,
Men mycht paſs dry outour it then.
And ladds, ſwanys, and rangaill,
Quhen thai ſaw wencuſſyt the bataill,
Ran amang thaim; and ſa gan ſla,
As folk that na defens mycht ma,

That

That war pitté for to ſe.
Ik hard neuir quhar, in na countré,
Folk at ſwa gret myſcheiff war ſtad.
On ane ſid thai thair fayis had,
That ſlew thaim doun, forowtyn mercy:
And thai had, on the tothyr party,
Bannok burne, that ſua cumbyrſum was,
For ſlyk and depnes for to pas,
That thar mycht nane outour it rid:
Thaim worthys, maugre thairis, abid.
Swa that ſum ſlayne, ſum drownyt, war:
Mycht nane eſchap that euir come thar.
The quheyr mony gat away,
That ellys war fled as I ſall ſay.

The King, with thaim he with hym had,
In a rout till the caſtell rad,
And wald haff bene tharin, for thai
Wyſt not quhat gat to get away.
Bot PHILIP the MOWBRAY ſaid hym till,
'The caſtell, Schyr, is at your will.
'Bot cum ye in it, ye ſall ſe
'That ye ſall ſone aſſegyt be.
'And thar ſall nane off *Ingland*
'To mak yow reſcourſs tak on hand.
'And, but reſcours, may na caſtell
'Be haldyn lang, ye wate this weill.

Ver. 358. That fled otherwiſe.
Ver. 360. Of Stirling.

'Tharfor

'Tharfor comfort yow, and rely
'Your men about yow rycht ſtarkly;
'And halds about the *Park* your way,
'Rycht als ſadly as ye may.
'For I trow that nane ſall haff mycht,
'That chaſſys, with ſa fele to fycht.'

And hys cunſaill thai haff doyne;
And benewth the caſtell went thai ſone,
Rycht by the *Round Table* away;
And ſyne the *Park* enweround thai;
And towart *Litbkow* held in hy.
Bot I trow thai ſall haſtily
Be conweyit with ſik folk, that thai,
I trow, mycht ſuffre weill away.
For Schyr JAMES Lord off DOWGLAS
Come to the KING, and aſkyt the chace;
And he gaff hym it, but abaid.
Bot all to few off horſs he haid:
He had not in hys rout ſexty.
The quheyr he ſped hym haſtily
The way eftyr the King to ta.
Now lat hym on hys wayis ga;

Ver. 379. The Round Table is an artificial mount near Stirling caſtle. Chivalry, univerſal over Europe from the twelfth century, ſpred romantic names in moſt countries. In Britain Arthur's fabulous exploits were predominant. Nimmo, in his hiſtory of Stirlingſhire, mentions a round artificial mount ſtill exiſting in the gardens of Stirling caſtle, and ſeems rightly to imagine that it is here implied by Barbour.

And

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And eftre this we ſall weill tell
Quhat hym, intill the chace, befell.

Quhen the gret bataill on this wyſs
Wes diſcomfyt, as Ik dewyſs,
Quhar threty thouſand weill war ded,
Or drownyt in that ilk ſted;
And ſum war intill hands tane;
And othyr ſum thair gat war gane;
The Erle off HERFURD, fra the mellé,
Departyt with a gret mengye;
And ſtraucht to *Bothwell* tok the way,
That than in the *Ingliſs mennys* fay
Wes, and haldyn as place off wer.
Schyr WALTRE GILBERTSON wes ther
Capitane, and it had in ward.
The Erle of HEREFURD thyddyrward
Held, and wes tane in, our the wall;
And fyfty off hys men with all;
And ſet in houſſis ſyndryly
Swa that thai had thar na miſtry.
The lave went towart *Ingland*.
Bot off that rout, I tak on hand,
The thre parts war ſlane or tane.
The lave with gret páyn hame ar gane.

Schyr MAWRICE alſua the BERCLAY
Fra the gret bataill held hys way,
With a gret rout off *Walis men*.
Quhareuir thai yeid men mycht thaim ken,
For

412. mercy

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For thai wele ner all nakyt war;
Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.
Thai held thair way in full gret hy.
Bot mony off thair cumpany,
Or thai till *Ingland* come, war tane;
And mony als off thaim war ſlayne.

Thar fled als othyr wayis fer.
Bot to the caſtell, that wes ner,
Off *Strewillyne* fled ſic a mengye,
That it war wondre for to ſe.
For the craggs all helyt war
About the caſtell, her and thar,
Off thaim, that for ſtrenth off that ſted,
Thyddyrwart to warrand fled.
And for thai war ſa fele that thar
Fled undre the caſtell war,
The KING ROBERT, that wes witty,
Held in hys gud men ner hym by,
For drede that riſs agayne ſuld thai.
This waſs the cauſs, for ſuth to ſay,
Quharthrouch the King off *Ingland*
Eſchapyt hame, intill hys land.

Quhen that the feld ſa clene wes maid
Off *Inglis men*, that nane abaid,

Ver. 421. This anecdote of the Welch, in the fourteenth century, is curious. They appeared naked even to Scotiſh peaſants.

The *Scotts men* ſone tuk in hand
Off thair's all that euir thai fand;
That mony man mychty wes maid
Off the rychys, that thai thar haid.

Quhen this wes doyne, that her ſay I,
The KING ſend a gret cumpany
Up to the crag thaim till aſſaile,
That war fled fra the gret bataill,
And thai thaim yauld forowtyn debate,
And in hand has tane thaim ſute hate.
Syne to the KING thai went thair way.
Thai diſpendyt haly that day
In ſpulyeing, and ryches takyng,
Fra end wes maid off the fychting.
And quhen thai nakyt ſpulyeit war,
That war ſlane in the bataill thar,
It wes forſuth a gret ferly
To ſe ſamyn ſa fele dede ly.
Twa hundre payr of ſpurs reid
War tane off knychts that war deid.
The Erle off GLOSYSTRE ded wes thar,
That men callyt Schyr GILBERT of CLAR.
And GYLIS de ARGENTE' alſua;
And PAYN TYPONTS; and othyrs ma;
That thair namys not tell can I.
And, apon *Scotts menys* party,

Ver. 454. Editions read:
And them in hand they took full hait.

Thar

Thar wes ſlayne worthy knychts twa;
WILYAME the WEPOYNT wes ane off tha;
And Schyr WALTRE off ROSS ane othyr,
That Schyr EDUUARD, the KINGS brothyr,
Luffyt, and had in ſic daynté
That as hymſelff hym luffyt he.
And quhen he wyſt that he wes ded,
He wes ſa wa, and will off reide,
That he ſaid, makand iwill cher,
That hym war lewer that journay wer
Undone, than he ſwa ded had bene.
Owtakyn hym men has not ſene
Quhar he, for ony man, maid menyng.
And the cauſs wes off hys luffyng,
That he hys ſyſtre per amours
Luffyt, and held all at rebours
Hys awne wyff dame YSABELL.
And tharfor ſa gret diſtance fell
Betwix hym, and the Erle DAWY
Off ATHOLE, brothyr to this lady,
That he apon Sayint Thomys nycht,
Quhen bath the Kings war boune to fycht,
In *Camyſkynnell* the KINGS wictaill
He tuk; and ſadly gert aſſaile
Schyr WILLYAM of KETH, and hym ſlew;
And with hym men ma then ynew.
Tharfor ſyne intill *Ingland*
He wes bannyſt; and all hys land

Ver. 493. 'Cambuſkenneth;' *ed.*

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Wes ſeſyt as forfaut to the KING,
That did tharof ſyne hys liking.

Quhen the feld, as I tauld yow ar,
Wes diſpulyeit, and left all bar,
The KING, and all hys cumpany,
Blyth and joyfull, glaid and mery,
Off the grace that thaim fallyn was,
Towart thair innys thair wayis tais,
To reſt thaim fer thai werie war.
Bot for the Erle GILBERT off CLAR,
That ſlayne wes in the bataill place,
The KING ſum dele anoyit was:
For till hym wele ner ſib was he.
Then till a kyrk he gert hym be
Broucht, and walkyt all that nycht.
And on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
The KING raiſs as hys wills was.
Than an *Ingliſs* knycht, throw caſs,
Hapnyt that he yeid wawerand,
Swa that na man laid on hym hand,
In a buſk he with hys armyng,
And waytyt quhill he ſaw the KING
In the morne cum forth arly:
Till hym than is he went in hy.
Schyr MARMEDUK TWEMYNE he hycht.
He raykyt till the KING all rycht,
And halyſt hym apon hys kne.
"Welcum, Schyr MARMEDUK," ſaid he;

"To

507. thai natin MS
523 4 Twemyne

"To quhat man art thow preſoner?"
'To nane,' he ſaid, 'bot to yow her.
'I yeld me at your will to be.'
"And I reſſave ye, Schyr," ſaid he.
Then gert he tret hym curtaſly.
He duelt lang in hys cumpany;
And ſyne till *Ingland* hym ſend he,
Arayit weile, but ranſoun, fre;
And geff hym gret gyffts tharto.
A worthy man that ſua wald do,
And mak hym gretly for to priſe!
Quhen MARMYDUK, apon this wyſs,
Was yoldyn, as Ik to yow ſay,
Than come Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
And to the KING yauld the caſtell.
Hys cunnand hes he haldyn well.
And with hym tretyt ſua the KING,
That he belewyt off hys duelling;
And held hym lely hys fay,
Quhill the laſt end off hys lyff day.

Now will we off the Lord DOWGLAS
Tell, how that he folowit the chaſs.
He had to quhene in hys cumpany;
Bot he ſped hym in full gret hy.
And as he throuch the *Torwod* fur,
Sa met he ridand on the mur
Schyr LAURENCE off ABERNETHY,
That, with twenty-four in cumpany,

Come for till help the *Ingliſmen*;
For he was *Ingliſman* yet then.
But quhen he hard how that it wes,
He left the *Inglis mannys* peſs;
And to the Lord DOWGLAS rycht thar
For to be lele and trow he ſwar.

And than thai bath folowit the chaſs;
And or the King off *Ingland* was
Paſſyt *Lythkow*, thai come ſa ner,
With all the folk that with thaim war,
That weill amang thaim ſwyth thai mycht;
Bot thai thoucht thaim to few, to fycht
With the gret rout, that thai had thar:
For fyve hundre armyt thai war.
Togyddir ſarraly raid thai;
And held thaim apon bridill ay.
Thai war gouernyt wittily;
For it ſemyt ay thai war redy
For to defend thaim, at thair mycht,
Giff thai aſſaillyt war in fycht.
And the Lord off DOWGLAS, and hys men,
How that he wald not ſchaip hym then
For to fycht with thaim all plainly,
He conwayit thaim ſa narowly,
That off the henmaiſt ay tuk he:
Mycht nane behind hys fallowis be
A penneſtane caſt, na he in hy
Wes ſlede, or tane deleuerly,

Ver. 581. As far as a quoit can be thrown.

That

That nane recours wald till him ma,
Althouch he lewyt hym neair fua.

On this maner conwoyit he
Quhill that the King, and hys menye,
To *Wenchburg* all cummyn ar.
Than lychtyt all that thai war,
To bayt thair horſe, that wer wery.
And DOWGLAS, and hys cumpany,
Baytyt alſua beſid thaim ner.
Thai war ſa fele withoutyn wer,
And in armys ſa clenly dycht,
And ſwa arayit for to fycht;
And he ſa quhoyne, and but ſupleyng;
That he wald not, in plane fechting,
Aſſaile thaim: bot ay raid thaim by,
Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.

A litill quhill thai baytyt thar:
And fyn lap on; and furth thai far;
And wes alwayis by thaim ner:
He leyt thaim not haff ſic layſer,
As anys watre for to ma.
And giff ony ſtad war ſa
That he behind left ony ſpace,
Seyſyt alſone in hand he wes.
Thai conwoyit thaim on ſic awiſs
Quhill that the King, and hys rout, is

Ver. 587. Wynchbrugh on the weſt of the river Cramond, between Linlithgow and Edinburgh.

Cummyn to the caſtell off *Dunbar*;
Quhar he, and ſum off hys menye, war
Reſawyt rycht weile; for yete than
The Erle PATRIK wes *Ingliſman*.
That gert with mete, and drynk alſua,
Refreſche thaim weill: and ſyne gert ta
A bate; and ſend the King be ſe,
To *Bawmburgh*, in hys awne countré.
Thair horſs thar left thai all on ſtray;
Bot ſeſyt I trow weill ſone war thai:
The lave, that lewyt thar without,
Adreſſyt thaim intill a rout,
And till *Berwik* held ſtraucht thair way
In route: botand we ſuth ſay,
Stad thai war full narrowly,
Or thai come thar. Bot noucht forthy
Thai come to *Berwik* weill; and thar
Into the toune reſſawyt war;
Ellys at gret myſcheiff had thai bene.
And quhen the Lord off DOWGLAS has ſene
That he had leſyt all hys payne,
Towart the KING he went agayne.

This King eſchapyt on this wyſs.
Lo quhat fading in fortoun is!
That will apon a man quhill ſmyle;
And prik on hym ſyne anothyr quhill.

Ver. 616. Banborough.

In

In na tyme ſtable can ſche ſtand.
This mychty King off *Ingland*
Sche had ſet on hyr quheill, on hycht,
Quhen, with ſa ferlyfull a mycht,
Off men, off armys, and archers,
And off ſute-men, and hobilers,
He come; ridand out off hys land,
As I befor haſ borne on hand.
And in a nycht ſyne, and a day,
She ſet hym in ſa hard aſſay,
That he, with few men, in a bate
Wes fayne for till hald hame hys gate.

Bot off this ilk quhely's turnyng
King ROBERT ſuld mak na murnyng.
For on hys ſyd the quheyle on hycht
Raiſs, quhen the tothyr doun gan lycht,
And that it undre lawth was ar,
Mon lep on loft in the contrar.
Sa fure it off thir Kings twa.
Quhen the King ROBERT ſtad was ſwa
That in gret myſcheiff wes he,
The tothyr was in maieſté.
And quhen the King EDUUARD's mycht
Was lawyt, King ROBERT wes on hycht:
And now ſic fortoun fell hym till,
That he wes hey and at hys will.

At *Strewillyne* wes he yeyt liand;
And the gret lords, that he fand

Ded

Ded in the feld, he gert bery
In haly place honorabilly.
And the lave ſyne, that dede war thar,
Into gret pytts erdyt war.
The caſtell, and the towrs, ſyne
Rycht till the ground doune gert he myn.

And ſyne to *Bothwell* ſend he
Schyr EDUUARD, with a gret menye;
For thar wes than ſend to hym word
That the ryche Erle off HERFORD,
And othyrs mychty als, war thar.
Sa tretyt he with Schyr WALTRE,
That Erle, and caſtell, and the lave,
In Schyr EDUUARD's hand he gave.
And till the KING the Erle ſend he,
That gert hym rycht weill yemit be.
Quhill at the laſt thai tretyt ſwa
That he till *Ingland* hame ſuld ga,
Forowtyn paying off ranſoume, fre;
And that for hym ſuld changyt be
Biſchop ROBERT that blynd was maid;
And the Queyne, that thai takyn haid
In preſoune, as befor ſaid I;
And hyr douchtre dame MAIORY.
The Erle wes changyt for thir thre.
And, quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre,

Ver. 683. Robert Wiſhart Biſhop of Glaſgow. This patriotic biſhop died in 1316.

The

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The King hys douchtre, that wes far,
And wes als aperand ayr,
With WALTRE STEWART gan he wed.
And thai wele ſone gat off thair bed
A knaw child, throw our Lord's grace,
That eftre hys gud eld fathyr wes
Callyt ROBERT; and ſyne wes King;
And had the land in gouernyng,
Eftyr hys worthy eyme DAWY;
That regnyt twa yer and fourty.
And in the tyme off the compiling
Off this buk, this ROBERT wes KING.
And off hys kynryk paſſyt wes
FYVE yer; and wes the yer of grace
A THOUSAND, THRE HUNDRE, SEUENTY
And FYVE; and off hys eld SEXTY.
And that wes eftre that the gud KING,
ROBERT, wes broucht till hys ending,
FYVE and FOURTY wintres, bot mar.
God grant that thai that cummyn ar
Off hys offspring manteyne the land,
And hald the folk wele to warand!
And mayntеyne ryeht, and leawté
As weill as, in hys tym, did he!

Ver. 693. A *knave child*, a boy.

Ver. 695. Robert II. the firſt of the Stuarts, reigned from 1371 till 1390.

Ver. 706. Robert the Great, the hero of this poem, who died 7th June 1329.

KING

KING ROBERT now wes well at hycht,
For ilk day than grew hys mycht.
Hys men woux rych: and hys cuntré
Haboundyt weill off corne, and fe;
And off alkyn othyr ryches.
Myrth, and ſolace, and blythnes,
War in the land commonaly,
For ilk man blyth war and joly.

The KING, eftre the gret journé,
Throw rede off hys conſaill priué,
In ſer tounys gert cry on hycht,
That quha ſa clemyt till haff rycht
To hald in *Scotland* land, or fe,
That in thir twelfmoneth ſuld he
Cum, and clam yt; and tharfor do
To the KING that pertenyt tharto.
And giff thai cum not in that yer,
Than ſuld thai wit, withowtyn wer,
That hard thareftre nane ſuld be.
The KING, that wes off gret bounté,
And beſynes, quhen this wes done,
Ane oſt gert ſummound eftre ſone.
And went thaim intill *Ingland*;
And our raid all *Northummyrland*.
And brynt houſis; and tuk thair pray;
And ſyne went hame agayn thair way.

Ver. 732. November 1314.

726. thair, not thir in MS

I lat

I lat it ſchortly paſs for by,
For thar wes done na chewalry
Prowyt, that is to ſpek off her.
The KING went oft in this maner
In *Ingland*, for to rich hys men;
That in ryches haboundyt then.

THE END OF BUKE XIII.

THE

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THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XIV.

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ms. f. 46. b.

ARGUMENT.

Thilk twa bukes followand, and half the neiſt, are cheiſlie occupyit with the actiouns of EDWARD DE BRUYSE *in Ireland.—Erl* EDWARD *gaes to Ireland, be invitation of the Iriſhry—wins a battel neir Craigfergus.—The Erl of* MUREF *gets for hym the paſs of Endnellan.—Erl* EDWARD *ganis the battel of Dundalk.—Thrid battel near Cogners, wun be Erl* EDWARD *agayn Schyr* RICHARD DE CLARE, *lufetenand of Ireland.*

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THE BRUCE.

BUKE XIV.

THE Erle off CARRIK, Schyr EDUUARD,
That ſtoutar wes than a libbard,
And had na will to be in peſs,
Thoucht that *Scotland* to litill wes
Till hys brodyr, and hym alſua.
Tharfor to purpoſs gan he ta
That he of *Irland* wald be king.
Tharfor he ſend and had tretyng
With *Hyrſery* off *Irland*;
That in thair leawté tuk on hand
Off all *Irland* to mak hym king.
With thy that he with hard fychting
Mycht ourcum the *Ingliſmen*,
That in the land war wonnand then;

Ver. 1. Edward Bruce now appears with the title of Earl of Carrick. His actions in Ireland, May 1315 to October 1318, occupy this and the next book, and half of the xvith.

Ver. 9. *Hyrſery*, or *Erſchery*, are wild Iriſh: it is added 'of Ireland,' to diſtinguiſh them from the highlanders or Iriſh of Scotland, alſo called *Erſchery* by our poet. xviii. 443.

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And thai ſuld help with all thair mycht.
And he that hard thaim mak ſic hycht,
Intill hys hart had gret liking:
And, with the conſent off the KING,
Gadryt hym men off gret bounté.
And at *Ayr* ſyne ſchippyt he,
Intill the neyſt moneth off May.
Till *Irland* held he ſtraucht hys way.

He had thar in hys cumpany
The Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy;
And gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
That ſekyr wes in hard aſſay;
Schyr IHONE the SOULLS, ane gud knycht;
And Schyr IHONE STEWART, that wes wycht.
The RAMSAY als off *Ouchtre houſs*,
That wes wycht and chewalrouſs;
And Schyr FERGUS off ADROSSANE:
And othyr knychts mony ane.

In *Wokings fyrth* arywyt thai
Sauffly, but bargane or aſſay:
And ſend thair ſchyppys hame ilkane.
A gret thing haff thai undretane,

Ver. 21. On the 25th May, 1315. *Annals.*

Ver. 24. Thomas Randel, Earl of Moray.

Ver. 33. I am not ſufficiently verſed in Iriſh topography to trace accurately Edward's progreſs in Ireland: but this port muſt have been near Carrickfergus.

33. ms. [illegible] i. e. gad.

That

That, with ſwa quhoyne as thai war thar,
That war ſex thowſand men, but mar,
Schuip to wetrāy all *Irland*,
Quhar thai ſall ſe mony thowſand
Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht.
Bot thoucht thai quhone war, thai war wycht.
And, forowt drede or effray,
In twa batills tuk thair way
Towart *Cragfergus*, it to ſe.
Bot the lords off that countré,
MANDWEILL, BESAT, and LOGANE,
Thair men aſſemblyt eulrilkane.
The SAWAGES war alſua thar.
And quhen thai aſſemblyt war,
Thar war wele ner twenty thowſand.
Quhen thai wyſt that intill thair land
Sic a mengue aryvyt war,
With all the folk that thai had thar,
Thai went towart thaim in gret hy.
And fra Schyr EDUARD wyſt ſuthly
That ner to hym cummyn wer thai,
Hys men he gert thaim wele aray.
The awaward had the Erle THOMAS;
And the rerward Schyr EDUARD's was.

Thair fayis approchyt to the fechting;
And thai met thaim but abayſing.

Ver. 49. The Savages were a powerful family in Ireland. The editions erroneouſly imply this term to be given laxly to the people, 'ſavages.'

Thar mycht men ſe a gret mellé:
For Erle THOMAS, and hys menye,
Dang on thair fayis ſa douchtely,
That in ſchort tyme men mycht ſe ly
An hundre, that all blody war.
For hobynys, that war ſtykyt thar,
Relyt, and flang, and gret rowme mad,
And keſt thaim that apon thaim rad.
And Schyr EDUUARD's cumpany
Aſſemblyt ſyne ſa hardely,
That thai thair fayis ruſchyt all.
Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall,
It wes perill off hys ryſing.
The *Scotts men* in that fychting
Swa apertly, and wele, thaim bar,
That thair fayis ſwa ruſchyt war,
That thai haly the flycht has tane.
And in that bataill wes tane or ſlane
All hale the flur off *Ullyſter*.
The Erle off MURREFF gret priſe had ther,
For hys worthy chewalry
Comfort all hys cumpany.

This wes a full fayr beginnyng;
For, newlings at thair arywing,

Ver. 68. Hobynys are war or carriage horſes; ſtrong horſes. Barbour, in moſt of his battle pieces, ſeems fond of repreſenting the confuſion cauſed by the wounded ſteeds.

Ver. 81. *Ullyſter* is Ulſter. this wrote Wlsysland Side v. 97.

In

In plane bataill thai diſcomfyt thar
Thair fayis, that four ay for ane war.
Syne to *Cragfergus* ar thai gane,
And in the toune hes innys tane.
The caſtell weill wes ſtuffyt then
Off new with wictaill, and with men.
Thartill thai ſet a ſege in hy.
Mony eſchewe full apertly
Wes maid, quhill thar the ſege lay:
Quhill trewys at the laſt tuk thai.

Quhen that the folk off *Hallyſter*
Till hys peſs haly cummyn wer,
Schyr EDDUARD wald tak on hand
To rid furth further in the land.
Off the Kings off that countré,
That come till hym, and maid fewté,
Weyll ten or twalf, as Ik hard ſay;
Bot thai held hym ſchort quhill thair fay.
For twa off thaim; ane MAKGULLANE,
And ane othyr hat MAKARTANE,
Withſet a paſs intill hys way,
Quhar hym behowyt ned away,
With twa thowſand off men with ſpers,
And als mony off thair archers.
And all the catell off the land
War drawyn thyddir to warand.
Men callys that place *Innuermallane:*
In all *Irland* ſtraytar is nane.

97. Hallyster

For Schyr EDUUARD that kepyt thai;
Thai thoucht he ſuld not thar away.
Bot he hys wiage ſone hes tane;
And ſtraucht towart the paſs is gane.
The Erle off MURREFF, Schyr THOMAS,
That put hym fyrſt ay till aſſayis,
Lychtyt on fute, with hys menye,
And apertly the paſe tuk he.
Thir *Irſch* Kings I ſpak off ar,
With all the folk that with hym wat,
Let hym rycht ſturdely: bot he
Aſſaylyt ſwa with hys menye,
That mawgre thairs, thai wan the paſs.
Slayn off thair fayis many thar was.
Throw out the wod thaim chaſſyt thai;
And ſeſyt in ſic fuſſoune the pray,
That all the ſolk off thair oft war
Refreſchyt weill, ane wouk or mar.

At *Kilſagart* King EDUUARD lay;
And wele ſone he has hard ſay
That at *Dundalk* wes aſſemblé
Maid off the lords off that cuntré.
In oft thai war aſſemblyt thar.
Thar wes fyrſt Schyr RICHARD of CLAR,
That in all *Irland* lufftenande
Was off the King off *Ingland*;

Ver. 133. *Kilſagart* I cannot find.

The

The Erle off Desmond als wes thar;
And the Erle alsua off Kildar;
The Breman, and Wodoune,
That war lords off gret renowne;
The Butler alsua thar was;
And Schyr Morys le Fyss Thomas.

Thai with thair men at commyn thar:
A rycht gret oft forsuth thai war.
And Schyr Eduuard wyst suthly
That thai war swilk chewalry.
Hys oft in hy he gert aray;
And thyddyrwarts tuk the way:
And ner the toune tuk hys herbery.
Bot for he wyst all wittily
That in the toune war mony men,
Hys batails he arayit then;
And stud arayit in bataill,
To kep thaim giff thai wald assaile.

And quhen that Schyr Richard of Clar,
And othyr lords that war thar,
Wyst that the *Scottismen* sa ner
With thair batailles wer,
Thai tuk to consaile that that nycht,
For it wes layt, thai wald not fycht:
Bot on the morne, in the morntyng,
Weile sone eftre the sone rysyng,
Thai suld isch furth all that thar war,
Tharfor that nycht thai did na mar:

Bot herberyt thaim, on aythir party.
That nycht the *Scotts* cumpany
War wachyt weill, rycht all at nycht.
And on the morne, quhen day wes lycht,
In twa batailles thai thaim arayit.
Thai ſtud with baners all diſplayit,
For the bataill all redy boun.
And thai, that war within the toun,
Quhen ſone wes ryſyn ſchenand cler,
Send furth off thaim that within wer,
Fyfty, to ſe the contenyng
Off *Scotts men*, and thair cummyng.
And thai raid furth, and ſaw thaim ſone;
Syne come agane withowtyn hone.

And quhen thai ſamyn lychtyt war,
Thai tauld thair lords, that war thar,
That *Scotts men* ſemyt to be
Worthy and off gret bounté.
Bot thai ar not, withowtyn wer,
Haff dell a dyner till us her.
The lordys had off this tithing
Gret joy, and gret recomforting.
And gert men throw the cité cry
That all ſuld arme thaim haſtily.

Quhen thai war armyt, and purwayit;
And for the fycht all hale arayit;
Thai went thaim furth in gud aray.
Sone with thair fayis aſſemblyt thai;

That

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That kepyt thaim rycht hardily,
The ſtour begouth thar cruelly,
For aythir part ſet all thair mycht
To ruſche thair fayis in the fycht;
And with all mycht on othyr dang.
The ſtalwart ſtour leſtyt wele lang,
That men mycht na perſave, na ſe,
Quha maiſt that thar abowe ſuld be.
For fra ſone eftre the ſone ryſſing,
Quhill eftre myd morne, the fechting
Leſtyt intill ſik a dout.
Bot than Schyr EDUUARD, that wes ſtout,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
Schot apon thaim ſa ſturdely,
That thai mycht thole na mar the fycht.
All in a fruſche thai tuk the flycht.
And thai folowyt full egrely:
In all the toun commonaly
Thai entryt, bath entre mellé.
Thar men mycht feloune ſlauchtre ſe:
For the rycht nobill Erle THOMAS
That with hys rout folowyit the chaſs,
Maid ſwilk a ſlauchtre in the toun,
And ſwa feloune occiſioun,
That thair rewys all bludy war
Off ſlayne men, that war liand thar.

The lords war gottyn all away.
And quhen the toun, as I yow ſay,

Ver. 221. *Rewys* are ſtreets: *rues*, Fr.

Wes throw gret force off fechting tane,
And all thair fayis fled or flayne;
Thai herberyt thaim all in the toun.
Quhar off wictaill wes ſic fuſſoun,
And ſwa gret haboundance off wyne,
That the gud Erle had dowtyne
That off thair men ſuld drunkyn be,
And mak in drunkynes ſom melle.
Tharfor he maid off wyne levere
To ilk man, that he payit ſuld be,
And thai had all yneuch perfay.
That nycht rycht weill at eſe war thai;
And rycht blyth off the gret honour
That thaim befell for thair walour.

Eftyr this fycht thai ſoiournyt thar
Into *Dundalk*, thre dayis but mar.
Syne tuk thai ſuthwarts thair way.
The Erle THOMAS wes forouth ay,
And, as thai raid throw the countré,
Thai mycht apon the hyllis ſe
Swa mony men, it wes ferly.
And quhen the Erle wald ſturdely
Dreſs hym to thaim with hys baner,
Thai wald fley all that thar wer; *nol in mſ.*
Swa that in fycht not ane abaid.
And thai ſuthwarts thair wayis raid
Quhill till a gret foreſt come thai,
Kylroſe it hat, as Ik hard ſay.

Ver. 251. *Kylroſe* is alſo unknown to the editor.

And

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And thai tuk all thair herbery thar.
In all this tyme RICHARD off CLAR,
That wes the King's luftenand
Off the barnagé off *Irland*,
A gret oſt he aſſemblyt had.
Thai war fyve batailles, gret and braid,
That foucht Schyr EDUUARD and hys men.
Weill ner hym war thai cummyn then.
He gat ſone wittring that thai wer
Cummand on hym; and war ſa ner.
Hys men he dreſſyt, thaim agayn,
And gert thaim ſtoutly to the playn.
And ſyne the Erle thaim come to ſe;
And Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY ſend he,
And Schyr IHONE STEWART went alſua,
Furth to diſcouer the way thai ta.

Thai ſaw the oſt ſone cum at hand;
Thai wer to geſs fyfty thowſand.
Hame till Schyr EDUUARD raid thai then,
And ſaid weill thai war mony men.
He ſaid agayne, "The ma thai be,
"The mar honour all out haff we,
"Giff that we ber us manlily.
"We ar ſet her in juparty
"To wyn honour, or for to dey.
"We ar to fer fra hame to fley.
"Tharfor lat ilk man worthy be.
"Yone ar gadrynge off this countré;

"And

" And thai ſall fley, I trow, lychly,
" And men aſſaile thaim manlily."

All ſaid than that thai weile ſuld do.
With that approchand ner thaim to
The batails come, redy to fycht;
And thai met thaim with mekill mycht;
That war ten thowſand worthy men.
The *Scotts men* all on fute war then,
And thai on ſtedys trappyt weile;
Sum helyt all in irne and ſtele.

Bot *Scotts men*, at thair meting,
With ſpers perſyt thair armyng;
And ſtekyt horſs, and men doun bar.
A feloun fechting wes then thar.
I cannot tell thair ſtrakys all;
Na quha in fycht gert othyr fall.
Bot in ſchort tyme, Ik undreta,
Thai off *Irland* war conqueryt ſua,
That thai durſt than abid na mar;
Bot fled ſcalyt, all that thai war.
And levyt in the bataill ſted
Weill many off thair gud men ded.
Off wappnys, armyng, and dede men,
The feld wes hely ſtrowyt then.

That gret oſt rudly ruſchyt was:
Bot Schyr EDUUARD let na ma chas.

Bot

Bot with priſouners, that thai had tane,
Thai till the woud agayne ar gane:
Quhar that thair harnayſs levyt wer.
That nycht thai maid thair men gud cher;
And lovyt God faſt off hys grace.
The gud knycht, that ſa worthy was,
Till JUDAS MACHABEUS mycht
Be liknyt weill, into that fycht;
Forſuk na multitud off men,
Quhill he had ane aganys ten.

Thus I ſaid RICHARD off CLAR,
And hys gret oſt, rebutyt war.
Bot he about hym not forthy
Was gaderand men ay ythenly.
For he thoucht yheit to cower hys caſt:
It angyrryt hym rycht ferly faſt,
That twiſs intill bataill wes he
Diſcomfyt, with a few menye.

And *Scotts men*, that to the foreſt
War rydand, for to mak thair reſt,
All thais twa nychts thar thai lay,
And maid thaim myrth, ſolace, and play.

Towart *Ydymſy* ſyne thai raid.
Ane *Irſche* King, that ayth haid maid

Ver. 329. *Ydymſy* is unknown. Editions read *Endroſſy*.

To
326 _ ydyn

To Schyr EDUUARD off fewté,
For forouth thar hym prelyt he,
To ſe hys land, that na wictaill,
Na noucht, that mycht thaim help, ſuld faill.
Schyr EDUUARD trowyt in hys hycht;
And with hys rout raid thyddir rycht.
A gret rewyr he gert hym paſs;
And in a rycht fayr place, that was
Lawch by a bourne, he gert thaim ta
Thair herbery: and ſaid he wald ga
To ger men wictaill to thaim bring.
He held hys way, but mar duelling:
For to betraiſs thaim wes hys thoucht.
In ſic a place he hes thaim broucht,
For off twa journais weill, and mar,
All the catell withdrawyn war.
Swa that thai in that land mycht get
Nathing that worth war for till eta.
With hungyr he thoucht thaim to febliſs,
Syne bryng on thaim thair enemyſs.

This fals traytour's men had maid,
A litill quhar he herbryit had
Schyr EDUUARD and the *Scottiſmen*,
The iſchow off a louch to den;
And leyt it out into the nycht.
The watre than, with ſwilk a mycht,

Ver. 345. That is, the cattle were removed to a diſtance of two days' march.

On

On Schyr EDUUARD's men com doun,
That thai in perill war to droun.
For or thai wyst on flot war thai;
With mekill payn thai gat away:
And held thair lyff, as God gaff grace.
Bot off thair harnyss tynt thar was.
He maid thaim na gud fest, persay;
And not forthy yneuch had thai.
For thouch thaim failyt off the mete,
I warn yow weill thai war wele wet.

In gret distress thar war thai stad:
For gret default off mete thai had.
And thai betwix rewers twa
War set; and mycht pass nane off tha.
The *Bane* that is ane arm off the se,
That with horss may not passyt be,
Wes betwix thaim, and *Hullyster*.
Thai had bene in gret perill ther;
No war a scowmar off the se,
THOMAS off DOWNE hattyn wes he,
Hard that the ost sa straytly than
Was stad; and salyt up the *Ban*,
Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay.
Thai knew hym wele, and blyth war thai.

Ver. 363, 364. 'He gave them no good entertainment, in faith, and yet they had enough.'

Ver. 371. The river Boyne?

With

With four ſchyppis, that he had tane,
He ſet thaim our the *Ban* ilkane.
And quhen thai com in biggit land,
Wictaill and mete yneuch thai fand.
And in a wod thaim herberyt thai;
Nane off the land wyſt quhar thai lay.
Thei eſyt thaim, and maid gud cher.
Intill that tym beſid thaim wer
With a gret oſt Schyr RYCHARD off CLAR;
And othyrs gret off *Irland* wer
Herbyryt in a foreſt ſyd.
And ilk day thai gert men ryd,
To bryng wictaill on ſer manerys
To thaim, fra the toun off *Coigners*;
That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra.
Ilk day, as thai wald cum and ga,
Thai come to the *Scotts* oft ſa ner,
That bot twa myle betwix thaim war.
And quhen the Erle THOMAS perſawing
Had off thair cummyng and thair ganging,
He gat hym a gud cumpany,
Thre hundre on horſs, wycht and hardy;
Ther wes Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
And Sir JOHN STEWART als perfay;
And Schyr ALANE STEWART alſua,
Schyr ROBERT BOID; and othyr ma.

381. That

Ver. 383. 'Biggit land' is land where there were houſes or buildings.

Ver. 394. Coyners. *Annals.*

Thai

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Tha raid to mete the wictalers,
That with thair wictall fra *Coigners*
Come haldand to thair oſt the way.
Swa ſedanly on thaim ſchot thai,
That thai war ſua abayſit all,
That thai leyt all thair wapnys fall;
And mercy pitouſly gan cry.
And thai tuk thaim in thair mercy,
And has thaim up ſa clenly tane,
That off thaim all eſchapyt nane.

The Erle off thaim gatt wittring
That off thair oſt, in the ewynyng,
Wald cum out at the wodds ſid,
And agaynys thair wictaill rid:
He thoucht than on a juperty,
And gert hys mengye halely
Dycht thaim in the priſonours aray:
Thair penownys als with thaim tuk thai.
And quhill the nycht wes ner thai bad,
And ſyne towart the oſt thai raid.
Sum off thair mekill oſt has ſene
Thair come; and wend thai had bene
Thair wictalours. Tharfor thai raid
Agaynes thaim, ſcalyt, for thai had
Na dred that thai thair fayis war;
And thaim hungryt als weill ſar.
Tharfor thai come abandounly.
And quhen thai wer ner, in gret hy

The Erle, and all that with hym war,
Ruſchyt on thaim with wapnys bar;
And thair enſenyeis hey gan cry.
Than thai, that ſaw ſwa ſedanly
Thair fayis ding on thaim, war ſa rad,
That thai na hart to help thaim had.
Bot to the oft thair way gan ta;
And thai chaſſyt, and ſwa fele gan ſla,
That all the feldys ſtrowyt war.
Ma than a thowſand ded war thar.
Rycht till thair oft thai gan thaim chaſs;
And ſyne agayne thair wayis tais.

In this wyſs wes the wictaill tane;
And off the *Irche men* mony ſlane.
The Erle ſyne, with hys cumpany,
Preſoners and wictallers halily,
Thai broucht till Schyr EDUUARD all ſwyth;
And he wes off thair cummyn blyth.
That nycht thai maid thaim mery cher;
For rycht all at thair eyſs thai wer:
Thai war ay walkyt ſykyrly.
And thair fayis, on the tothyr party,
Quhen thai hard how thair men war ſlayne,
And how thair wictal als wes tane,
Thai tuk to conſaill that thai wald
Thair way towart *Coigners* hald;
And herbery in the cité ta.
And then in gret hy thai haff don ſua;

And

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And raid be nycht to the cité.
Thai fand thair off wictaill gret plenté;
And maid thaim rycht mery cher,
For all traiſt in the toun thai wer.

Apon the morn thai ſend to ſpy
Quhar *Scotts men* had tane herbery.
Bot thai with all als tane,
And broucht rycht till the oſt ilkane.
The Erle off MURREFF rycht mekly
Speryt at ane of thair cumpany,
Quhar thair oſt wes; and quhat thai thoucht
To do? And ſaid hym, giff he moucht
Fynd that to hym the ſuth ſaid he,
He ſuld gang hame but ranſoum fre.
He ſaid, "Forſuth I ſall yow ſay,
"Thai thynk to morne, quhen it is day,
"To ſek yow, with all thair mengye,
"Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be.
"Thai haff gert throw the countré cry,
"Off payne off lyff, full fellounly,
"That all the men off this countré
"To nycht into the cyté be.
"And trewly thai ſall be ſa fele
"That ye ſall na wyſs with thaim dele."
'Depardew,' ſaid he, 'weill may be!'
To Schyr EDUUARD, with that, yeid he;
And tauld hym utrely this tale.
Than haff thai tane for cunſaill hale

That thai wald rid to the cyté
That ilk nycht, ſwa that thai mycht be
Betwix the toun with all thair rout,
And thaim that war to cum without.

As thai dewyſyt thai haff done;
Befor the toune thai come alſone:
And bot halfindall a myle off way
Fra the cité, a reſt tuk thai.
And quhen the day wes dawyn lycht,
Fyfty on hobynys, that war wycht,
Come to a litill hill, that was
Bot fra the toun a litill ſpace.
And ſaw Schyr EDUUARD's herbery;
And off the ſycht had gret ferly:
That ſwa quhone durſt on ony wiſs
Undretak ſa hey enpryſs,
As for to cum ſa hardely
Apon all the chewalry
Off *Irland*, for to bid bataill.
And ſwa it wes withowtyn faill.
For agayne thaim war gadryt thar,
With the wardane RICHARD off CLAR,
The BUTLER; and Erls twa,
Off DESMOWND, and KILDAR, war thai;
BRYNRAME, WEDOUN, and FYZE WARYNE;
And Schyr PASCHALL off FLORENTYNE,
That wes a knycht off *Lowmbardy*,
And wes full off chewalry.

The

The MAWNDWEILLS war thar alſua;
BESSETTS; LOGANYS; and othyr ma:
SAWAGES als; and yheit wes ane
Hat Schyr NYCHOLL off KYLKENANE.
And with thir lords ſa fele wes then,
That, for ane off the *Scotts men*,
I trow that thai war fyve, or ma.
Quhen thair diſcourouris ſeyne had ſua
The *Scotts* oft, thai went in hy
And tauld thair lords opynly,
How thai to thaim wer cummyn ner;
To ſek thaim fer wes na myſter.

And quhen the Erle THOMAS had ſene
That thaiſe men at the hill had bene,
He tuk with hym a gret mengye,
On horſs ane hundre thai mycht be,
And to the hill thai tuk thair way;
~~And~~ in a ſlak thaim enbuſchyt thai.
And, in ſchort tyme, fra the cité
Thai ſaw cum rydand a mengye
For to diſcury to the hill.
Than war thai blyth, and held tham ſtill,
Quhill thai wer cummyn till thaim ner.
Than in a fruſche, all that thai wer,
Thai ſchot apon thaim hardely.
And thai that ſaw ſa ſedanly
That folk cum on, abayſit war.
And not forthy ſum off thaim nar

Abad

Abad ſtoutly to ma debate:
And othyr ſum ar fled thair gate.
And into wele ſchort tyme war tha,
That maid a reſt, contreryit ſua,
That thai fled halyly thair gat.
And thai thaim chaſſyt rycht to the yat;
And a gret part off thaim hes ſlayn;
And ſyne went till thair oſt agayn.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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